BIBLE SONGS

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OF

SALVATION AND VICTORY

Compiled by
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BIBLE SONGS

Of Salvation and Victory,

FOR GOD'S PEOPLE OF EVERY LAND.

Suitable for Revivals, the Church,
Sunday-Schools and the Home.

M. W. KNAPP, . . .
Editor.

R. E. McNEIL, . . .
Musical Editor.

M. W. KNAPP, Publisher,
CINCINNATI, O.

PREFACE...

FOR some time God has been laying it upon our hearts to issue a new song book on FULL SALVATION lines, containing a number of entirely new pieces, also the very choicest selections from other books.

Therefore, we present to the public BIBLE SONGS OF SALVATION AND VICTORY with the confident assurance that it will meet the needs of Revivals, the Churches, Sunday-Schools and the Home.

If helped heavenward by these songs, kindly aid us in their circulation.

Yours in Jesus,

M. W. KNAPP,

R. E. McNEILL,

Cincinnati.

No. 1. Redeemed by the Blood.

"These are they which came out of the great tribulation, and they washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb,"—Rev. 7: 14.

M. W. KNAPP. Arranged by R. E. McNEILL.

1. John saw up on Pat-mos, a vis-ion so bright; The saints from all nations in garments of light, With palms and re-joic-ing be - fore the white throne, They, gave all the glo-ry to Je - sus a - lone.
2. Sal - va-tion and hon-or and wisdom and might And glo-ry and blessing, their voic - es u - nite; A-scrib-ing to Je - sus the Lamb that was slain, Soon com-ing in glo-ry for - ev - er to reign.
3. A few from the honored, and no-ble by birth, The most had been humble or out-casts on earth, transformed by the Spirit, their an-thems they bring, And a-dor-ing their Sav-iour u - nit - ed - ly sing. Re - deemed by the blood; re-
4. From great trib-u-la-tion they hith - er re-pair; And vic-tors for - ev-er, God's glo - ry they share; From sword and from scaffold, from dungeon and stake, Naught ev - er could move them their Lord to for-sake.
5. For this they are honored, and serve day and night, And nearest the throne they re-joice in His light; They hunger no more, by the Lamb they are fed; By Him to the fountain of wat - ers are led.
6. Their tears are all banished, God wipes them away, Enthroned in His presence for-ev - er they stay, What reward and what hon-or for service so small! One hour of such blessing re - pays them for all.

CHORUS.

deemed by the blood; Arrayed in white garments, re - deemed by the blood.

Ad lib.

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No. 2. Baptized With The Holy Ghost.

C. H. M. "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?"—Acts 19: 2. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Do you seek a land where there comes no night, Bless-ed Beu-lah land, where the
2. Will you take him now as your all in all, Let the self be slain, that the
3. 'Tis the Canaan-land for our weary feet, With our wand'rings o'er, and our
4. Yes, we glad-ly come, bless-ed Lord, to Thee, From the car-nal mind that we

sun shines bright Where we walk by faith and not by sight, Baptized with the Holy Ghost?
pow'r may fall? Will you now in faith for the blessing call, Baptized with the Holy Ghost?
rest complete; Where we dwell with Christ in communion sweet, Baptized with the Holy Ghost?
may be free; And we look in faith, for we long to be Baptized with the Holy Ghost?

CHORUS.

Will you be baptized in this faith? Bap-tized with the Ho - ly Ghost?
Last v. Yes, I'll be baptized in this faith? Bap-tized with the Ho - ly Ghost?
liv-ing faith,

To be free in-deed, 'tis the pow'r you need, Bap-tized with the Ho - ly Ghost.
To be free in-deed, 'tis the pow'r I need, Bap-tized with the Ho - ly Ghost.

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No. 3. Just as I Am. (Key of E♭.)

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

4 Just as I am; Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

No. 4. Feasting With My Lord.

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."—Isaiah 55: 2.

JOHN S. BROWN. L. O. BROWN.

1. Since my soul is saved and sanc - ti - fied, Feast - ing, I'm feast - ing,
2. Feed - ing on the hon - ey and the wine, Feast - ing, I'm feast - ing,
3. Day by day we have a new sup - ply, Feast - ing, I'm feast - ing,
4. Man - y times we have an ex - tra spread, Feast - ing, I'm feast - ing,
5. Oft - en there are on - ly just we two, Feast - ing, I'm feast - ing,
6. If per-chance the cupboards scarce of bread, Feast - ing, I'm feast - ing,

In this land of Ca-naan I'll a - bide, Feast - ing with my Lord.
Gath - er - ing the clus-ters from the vine, Feast - ing with my Lord.
And the food is nev - er stale nor dry, Feast - ing with my Lord.
When to deep - er truths I have been led, Feast - ing with my Lord.
Then He tells me what He'd have me do, Feast - ing with my Lord.
On the hid - den man - na I am fed, Feast - ing with my Lord.

CHORUS.

Feast - ing, I am feast - ing, Feast - ing with my Lord; I'm feast - ing, I am feast - ing On the liv - ing Word.

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No. 5. Sweet Hour of Prayer. (Key D.)

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer.
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight!
This robe of flesh I'll drop; and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

W. W. WALFORD.

No. 6. My Power House.

"Tarry ye in the city, until ye be clothed with power from on high."—Luke 24; 49.

M. W. KNAPP. R. E. McNEILL.

SOLO.

1. I have a Pow - er House up in the sky; Down come its cur-
2. O - ver these wires comes the cur - rent that kills, O - ver them too
3. Trol - lies a - bove must be kept in their place, Pray'r must pre-vail
4. Linked to the Bat - ter - y all will be well, Sing - ing and shout-
5. Glo - ry to God,, for these cur-rents of love! Now com-ing down

rents to me from on high; Wi - res are run - ning
comes the Spir - it that fills, Sin is de - stroyed and the
at the throne of God's grace, Faith for the rails, you'll be
ing, the glad tid - ings tell; Hap - py in Je - sus, with
to my soul from a - bove. Glo - ry and praise to the

from it to my soul, Waves from its bat - ter - ies o - ver me roll.
old man is dead; Glo - ry to God; how the fire now will spread!
kept on the track, Trust-ing the blood you will nev - er turn back.
speed you will fly, Bring - ing your troph-ies with joy to the sky.
Lamb that was slain, Com - ing in glo - ry for - ev - er to reign.

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My Power House. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Are your wi - res all up to this house in the sky? Do the currents come

down to your soul from on high? Oh the peace and the joy that tri-

umph-ant - ly roll, As the Spir - it de-scends and is thril-ling my soul.

No. 7. I Can, I Will.

1. Re - fin - ing fire, go thro' my heart, Re - fin - ing fire, go thro' my heart,
2. Scat-ter thy life thro' ev - 'ry part, Scat-ter thy life thro' ev - 'ry part,
3. Oh, that it now from heav'n might fall, Oh, that it now from heav'n might fall,
4. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, for Thee I call, Come, Ho - ly Ghost, for Thee I call,

Cho. No. 1. I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be-lieve,
Cho. No. 2. I'm kneeling at the mer - cy seat, I'm kneel-ing at the mer - cy seat,

Re - fin - ing fire, go thro' my heart, Il - lum - i - nate my soul.
Scat - ter thy life thro' ev - 'ry part, And sanc - ti - fy the whole.
Oh, that it now from heav'n might fall, And all my sins con - sume.
Come, Ho - ly Ghost, for Thee I call, Spir - it of burn - ing, come.

I can, I will, I do be - lieve, That Je - sus saves me now.
I'm kneel - ing at the mer - cy seat, Where Je - sus an - swers pray'r.

No. 8. Freedom.

M. W. KNAPP. Arr. by R. E. M.

1. My heart is light and free, I'm glad as I can be; For Je - sus
2. His free and matchless grace, And shin-ing of His face, Re - joice, my
3. He is a Friend in-deed, The ver - y Friend I need, My sor-rows
4. While walking in the light, He puts my foes to flight, I o - ver
5. My cross I'll soon lay down, Re - ceive my star - ry crown, Ex - ult - ing

saves and sanc - ti - fies my soul; When sin - sick and dis-tressed, He
soul and glad-den ev - 'ry day; He hears me when I call, No
and my cares I on Him roll; The prom-ised "Morn-ing Star," That
come by pow - er of the blood; Be - cause I will not yield, The
where the mul - ti - tudes a - dore, The King by name will own, I'll

saved and sweet-ly blest, And now His pow'r doth make me ful - ly whole.
e - vil can be-fall His pres-ence guards and guides me all the way.
beam-eth bright and far, The "fair-est of ten thousand" to my soul.
dev - il leaves the field, All glo - ry, praise and hon - or be to God.
sit up - on His throne, With Him will dwell and reign for ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

All glo-ry.... and hon-or, ... Might and do-min-ion shall be to the Saviour;

He sought me, He bought me, Glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain.

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No. 9. He Hideth My Soul.

"I will put thee in a cleft of the rock, and will cover thee with my hand."—Exodus 33: 22.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Allegretto.

1. A won - der-ful Sav - iour is Je - sus my Lord, A won - der - ful
2. A won - der ful Sav - iour is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my
3. With num-ber-less bless - ings each mo-ment He crowns, And fill'd with His
4. When clothed in his bright-ness trans-port - ed I rise. To meet Him in

Sav - iour to me, He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
bur - den a - way, He hold - eth me up and I shall not be moved,
ful - ness di - vine, I sing in my rap - ture, O, glo - ry to God,
clouds of the sky, His per - fect sal - va - tion, His won - der - ful love,

CHORUS.

Where rivers of pleas-ure I see.
He giv-eth me strength as my day. He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
For such a Re-deem-er as mine.
I'll shout with the millions on high.

That shadows a dry, thirs-ty land; He hid-eth my life in the depths of His love,

And cov - ers me there with His hand, And cov-ers me there with His hand.

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No. 10. Heavenly Sunlight.

"I am the Light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in the darkness."—John 8:12.

Rev. H J. ZELLEY. G. H. COOK.

1. Walk-ing in sun - light, all of my jour - ney; O - ver the moun-tains
2. Shad-ows a - round me, shad - ows a - bove me, Nev - er con - ceal my
3. In the bright sun - light, ev - er re - joic - ing, Press-ing my way to

thro' the deep vale; Je - sus has said I'll nev - er for - sake thee,
Sav - iour and Guide; He is the light, in Him is no dark - ness,
man - sions a - bove; Sing - ing His prais - es glad - ly I'm walk - ing

CHORUS.

Prom - ise di - vine that nev - er can fail.
Ev - er I'm walk - ing close to His side. Heav - en - ly sun - light,
Walk - ing in sun-light, sun - light of love.

heav - en - ly sun-light; Flooding my soul with glo - ry di - vine: Hal - le-

lu - jah, I am re - joic-ing, Sing-ing His prais - es, Je - sus is mine.

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No. 11. Coming, Lord Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT. "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."—Rev. 22: 20. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Com - ing, Lord, Je - sus, from glo - ry a - bove, Com - ing to save me, in won - der - ful love; Wel - come, dear Sav - iour, Thy cross is my plea, Come with Thy bless - ed sal - va - tion to me.
2. Com - ing, Lord, Je - sus, with com - fort a - new, Help so a- bun - dant the whole jour - ney thro'; Com - ing in tri - als, in bless - ings of joy, When hap - py car - ols the glad lips em - ploy.
3. Com - ing, Lord, Je - sus, with grace that I need, Sweet words of prom - ise that dai - ly I plead; Com - ing, it may be, to bid me a - rise, Seek - ing the home land be - yond earth - ly skies.
4. Com - ing, Lord, Je - sus, we know not how soon; In the bright morn - ing, at mid - night, or noon; With an - gel le - gions, while trum - pet notes ring, Com - ing in ma - jes - ty, glo - ri - ous King.

CHORUS.

Come to me now, come to me now, Sav - iour and Guide, with me a - bide; Com-ing a - gain, might-y to reign, E - ven so, Je - sus, A - men, A - men.

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No. 12. He Was Not Willing.

"The son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost."—Luke 19: 10.

L. R. M. LUCY RIDER MEYER.

1. "He was not will-ing that an - y should per - ish," Je - sus enthroned in the glo - ry a - bove, Saw our poor fall-en world, pit-ied our sorrows, Poured out His life for us—won-der-ful love! Fer-ish-ing, per-ish-ing! Thronging our pathway, Hearts break with burdens too heav - y to bear, Je - sus would save, but there's

2. "He was not will-ing that an - y should per - ish," Clothed in our flesh with its sor-row and pain, Came He to seek the lost, com-fort the mourner, Heal the heart brok-en by sorrow and shame. Per-ish-ing, per-ish-ing! Har-vest is pass - ing, Reap - ers are few and the night draweth near; Je - sus is call - ing thee,

3. Plen - ty for pleasure but lit - tle for Je - sus, Time for the world with its troubles and toys, No time for Je-sus' work, feeding the hun - gry, Lift-ing the souls to e - ter - ni-ty's joys. Per-ish-ing, per-ish ing! Hark, how they call us, "Bring us your Sav-iour, oh, tell us of Him! We are so wea - ry, so

4. "He was not will-ing that an - y should per - ish," Am I, His fol - low - er, and can I live Long - er at ease with a soul go-ing downward, Lost for the lack of the help I might give? Per-ish-ing, per-ish-ing! Thou wast not will - ing, Mas - ter, for-give, and in - spire us a - new; Ban - ish our world - li - ness,

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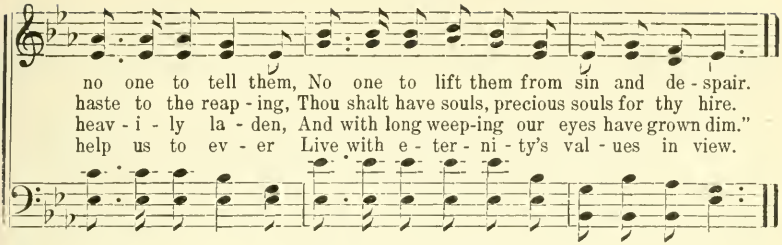
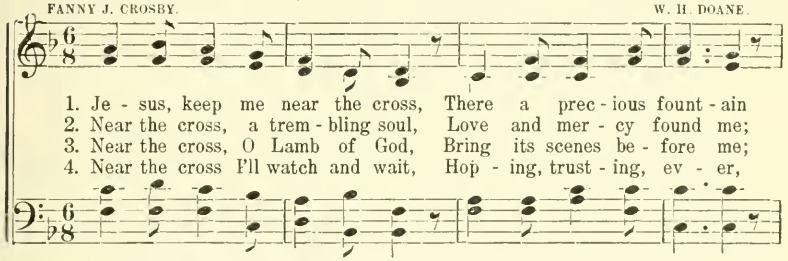
He Was Not Willing. Concluded.

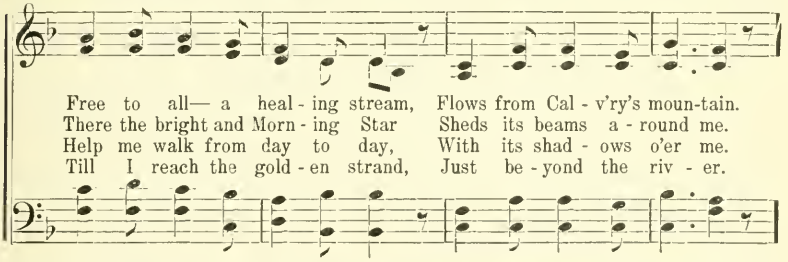


No. 13. Near the Cross.

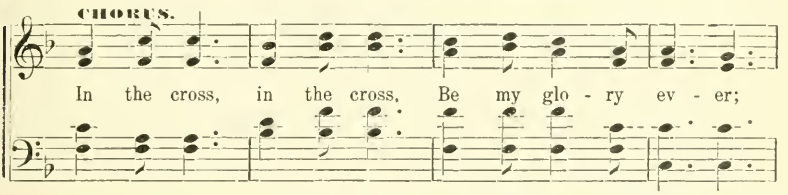
"Far be it from me to glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. 6: 14.

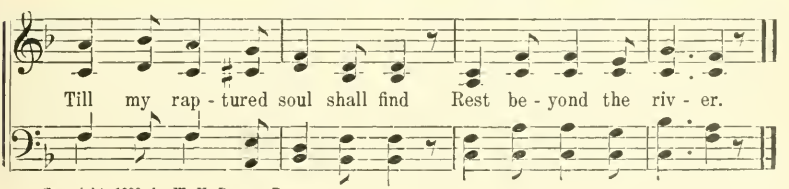
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.





CHORUS.





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No. 14. Go On.

"He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved."—Matt. 10: 22.

C. F. W. Last verse by M. W. K. C. F. WEIGELE. Arr. by R. E. McNEILL.

1. If while fight-ing for our Sav - iour on the bat - tle - field be - low,
2. If some say we are pe - cu - liar, and don't do things just "their way,"
3. If you find your- self for - sak - en by your friends of oth - er days,
4, Soon our King will come tri-umph-ant, and will claim His wait - ing bride,

We find our-selves sur-round - ed by a strong and might - y foe;
They can - not un - der - stand us, neith - er what we do or say;
Re - mem - ber there are oth - ers who will do what Je - sus says;
His saints shall be pro - mot - ed, and will in His char - iots ride;

Let us fol - low our Com-mand-er, He will safe - ly bring us through,
There is One a - bove who knows us, And He keeps us pure with - in,
Look a - way to Cal - v'ry's mountain, Look to Him who loves you so,
We shall dwell by liv - ing fountains, And shall heav'nly man - sions own,

He will nev - er, nev - er leave us, What He prom-ised He will do.
When we "sing and shout, and leap for joy," He knows just what we mean.
And with songs and "shouts of tri-umph," Let us ev - er on - ward go.
We shall be and reign with Je - sus, And shall sit up - on His throne.

CHORUS.

Go on, go on, don't mur-mur or com-plain, Shout glo - ry hal - le-

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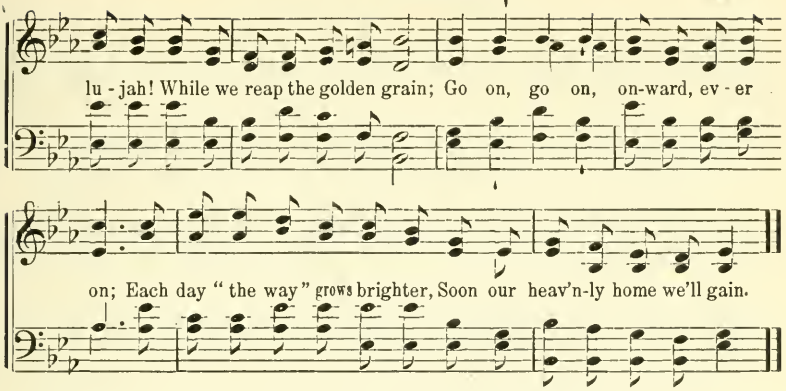
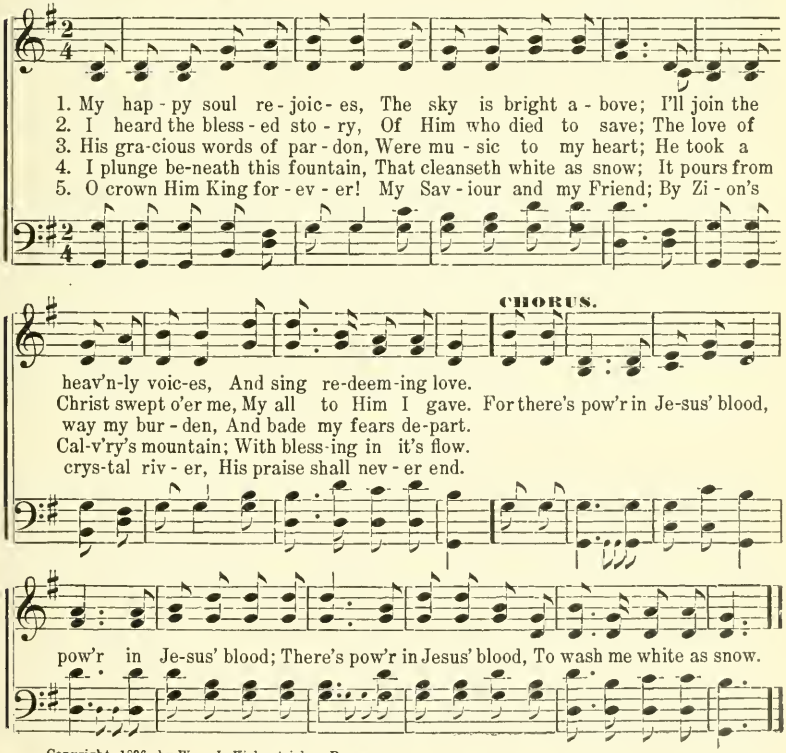
Go On. Concluded.



No. 15. There's Power in Jesus' Blood.

"The blood of Jesus Christ, his son cleanseth us from all sin."—I John 1: 7.

HOPE TRYAWAY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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No. 16. Your Own.

"Ask of me and I will give thee the nations for thy inheritance."—Psalm 12: 8.

FANNY BIRDSALL.

1. What if your own were starv - ing, Faint - ing with fa - mine, pain,
2. What if your own were thirst-ing, And nev - er a drop would gain,
3. What if your own were dark-ened, With - out one cheer - ing ray,
4. What if your own were pris - oned, Far in a hos - tile land,

And you should know where gold - en grow, Rich fruits and rip - ened grain;
And you could tell where a spark-ling well Poured forth mel-o - dious rain;
And you a - lone could show where shone The pure, sweet light of day;
And the on - ly key to set them free, Was held at your com - mand;

Would you hear their wail as a thrice-told tale, And turn to your feast a - gain?
Would you turn a-side while they gasped and died, And leave them to their pain?
Would you leave them there in their dark despair, And sing on your sun - lit way?
Would you breathe free air while they stifled there, And wait and fold your hands?

CHORUS.

They are Christ's own,..... they are your own,.....
They are Christ's own, they are your own,

Soon will their hopes be flown, Res - cue them ere they're gone.....
they're gone.

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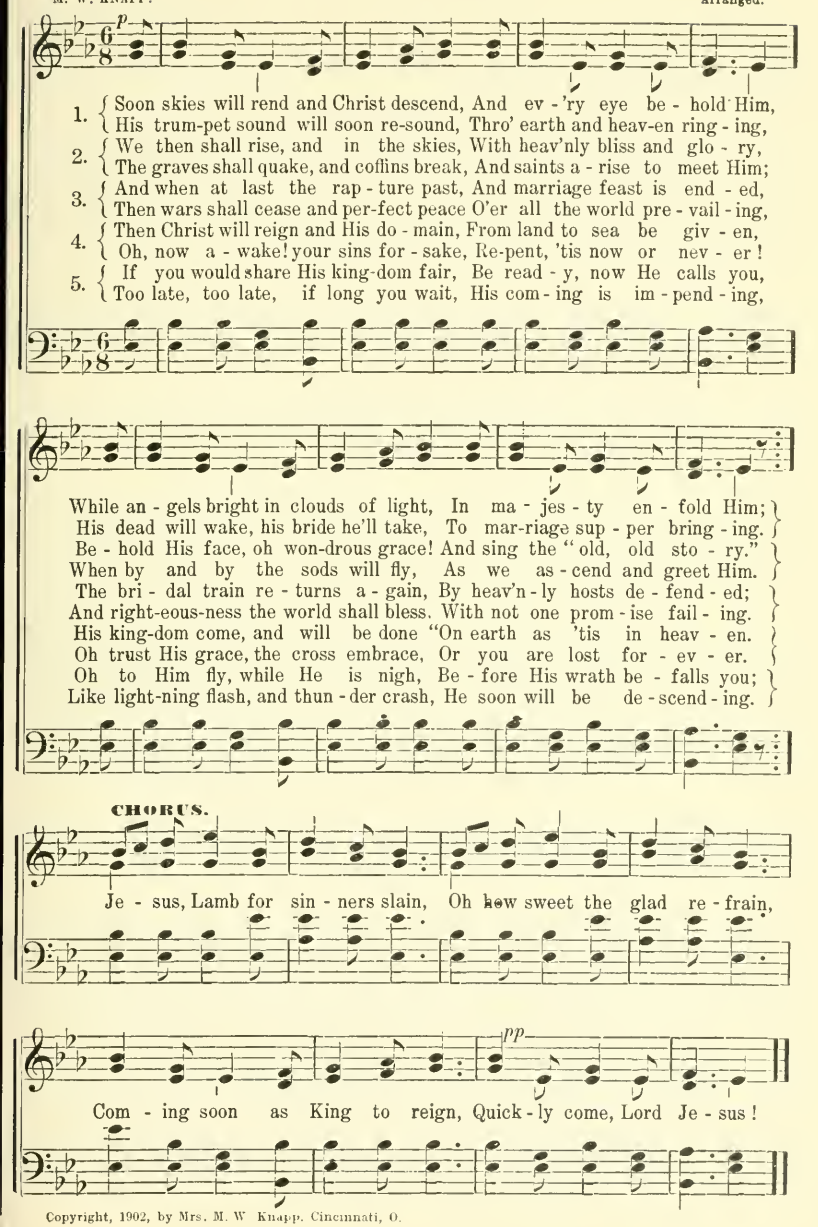
No. 17. Quickly Coming.

"Surely I come quickly; Amen. Even so come Lord Jesus."—Rev. 22: 20.

M. W. KNAPP. Arranged.



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No. 18. I'm Going On.

"Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, to you have I given it."—Joshua 1: 3.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. I'm o - ver in the good - ly land, I'm go - ing on, I'm go - ing on;
2. A land that flows with milk and wine, I'm go - ing on, I'm go - ing on;
3. Tho' gi - ants tall are in the way, I'm go - ing on, I'm go - ing on;
4. Oh bless-ed land I love so well, I'm go - ing on, I'm go - ing on;

Led by my Fa - ther's guid-ing hand, Bless God I'm go - ing on.
Its rar - est fruits are free - ly mine, Bless God I'm go - ing on.
My Fa - ther's hand is hard to slay, Bless God I'm go - ing on.
Thy won - drous beau - ties who can tell, Bless God I'm go - ing on.

Plains un - explored be - fore me spread, New mountain heights loom just ahead,
A bounteous ta - ble ev - er spread, With hon - ey from the rock I'm fed;
Tho' earth and hell my way op - pose, Je - ho - vah's mightier than my foes,
I'm in this glo-rious land to stay, Un - til my Sav-iour some sweet day,

Their sum - mits soon my feet shall tread, Bless God I'm go - ing on.
And fin - est wheat my dai - ly bread, Bless God I'm go - ing on.
Be - fore me in - to bat - tle goes, Bless God I'm go - ing on.
Shall call my soul from earth a - way, Bless God I'm go - ing on.

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I'm Going On. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Much land a - head to be pos - sessed,..... I'm go - ing
to be pos-sessed,

on,..... I'm go - ing on,..... And all is
I'm go - ing on, I'm go - ing on,

mine my feet have pressed,..... Bless God I'm go - ing on.
my feet have pressed,

No. 19. The Ninety and Nine. (Key A♭.)

1 There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

2 "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine
Has wandered away from me,
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that were lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray,
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE. 1868.

No. 20. God is Able.

"Unto him that is able to do exeeeding abundantly above all that we ask or think according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory."—Eph. 3: 20.

M. W. KNAPP.

1. "God is a - ble" to de - liv - er, All our sins He will for-give,
2. "God is a - ble." He has promised All His grace to make a-bound,
3. "God is a - ble," He can heal us, Bear our sick - ness - es a -way,
4. "God is a - ble." Kept from falling, Pure and spot - less we may be,

Blot-ting them all out for - ev - er, When re - pent - ant we be - lieve.
Giv - ing strength for ev - 'ry con - flict, All our temp-ters to con-found.
Touch us with His balm of bless - ing, As we call on Him to - day.
And be - fore His throne e - ter - nal Meet and spend e - ter - ni - ty.

f.

"God is a - ble" to bap - tize us With the Ho - ly Spir - it now,
"God is a - ble." He has spok - en, What He says, that He will do;
"God is a - ble" out of tri - al Vic - t'ry to His own to bring;
"God is a - ble," Sa - tan hear it! In His might we shall pre - vail,

CHO. *"God is a - ble," God has promised; On His word my soul re - lies.*

D. S. CHORUS.

Cleans-ing from in - bred cor - rup-tion, As we at His al - tar bow.
For His word "can not be brok-en:" He is faith - ful, He is true.
So that in the "fi - ery fur-nace" We can shout and laugh and sing.
On His prom - is - es re - ly - ing, We can nev - er, nev - er fail.

He de - liv - ers, Hal - le - lu - jah! Ful - ly saves and sanc - ti - fies.

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No. 21. On the Victory Side.

"This is the victory that hath overcome the world, even our faith."—I. John 5: 4.

JAMES L. BLACK. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! And our faith en - rap-tured sings,
2. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! For the Lord him-self comes near,
3. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! For the temp-ter flies a - pace,
4. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! And our hearts beat high with praise,

While we throw to the breeze the stan-dard Of the might - y King of kings.
And the shout of a roy - al ar - my On the bat - tle - field we hear.
And the chains he has forged are breaking, Thro' the pow's of redeeming grace.
Un - to Him, in whose name we'll conquer, And our songs of tri - umph raise.

CHORUS.

On the vic-t'ry side, on the vic-t'ry side, In the ranks of our Lord are we;

On the vic - t'ry side we will bold-ly stand, Till the glo - ry land we see.

Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Sweney. By per.

No. 22. Webb. (Key of B♭.)

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

GEO. DUFFIELD, JR.

No. 25. It is For Us All To-day.

"For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our Lord God shall call."—Acts 2: 39.

L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Have you ev - er felt the pow - er Of the Pen - te - cos - tal fire,
2. Je - sus of - fers this blest cleansing Un - to all His chil - dren dear,
3. Some have tho't they could not live it, While they dwell on earth be - low,
4. You may now re - ceive the Spir - it As a sanc - ti - fy - ing flame,

Burn - ing up all car - nal na - ture, Cleans - ing out all base de - sire,
Ful - ly, free - ly pu - ri - fy - ing, Ban - ish - ing all doubt and fear.
But in this they were mis - tak - en, For the Bi - ble tells us so,
If with all your heart you seek Him, Hav - ing faith in Je - sus' name;

Go - ing thro' and thro' your spir - it, Cleans - ing all its stain a - way;
It will help you, oh, my broth - er When you sing and when you pray;
And the Spir - it now is with us, He can keep us all the way;
On the cross He bought this blessing, He will nev - er say us nay;

Oh, I'm glad, so glad to tell you It is for us all to - day.
He is wait - ing now to give it, It is for us all to - day.
Then by faith why not re - ceive it? It is for us all to - day.
He is wait - ing now to give it, Why not claim it, friend, to - day?

CHORUS.

It is for..... us all to - day, If we
It is for us all, for us all to - day,

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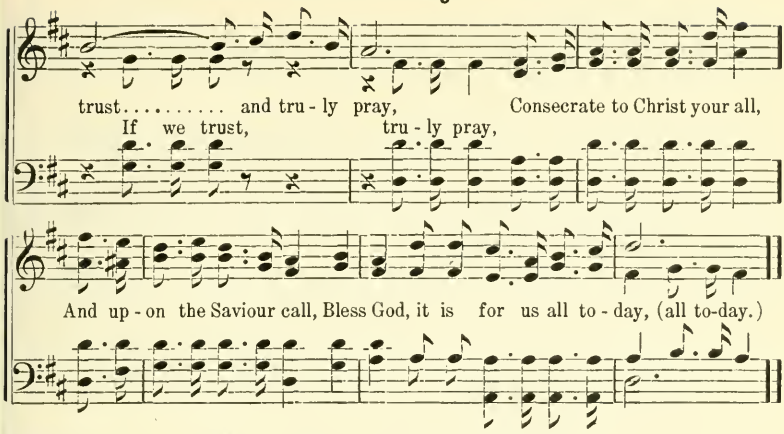
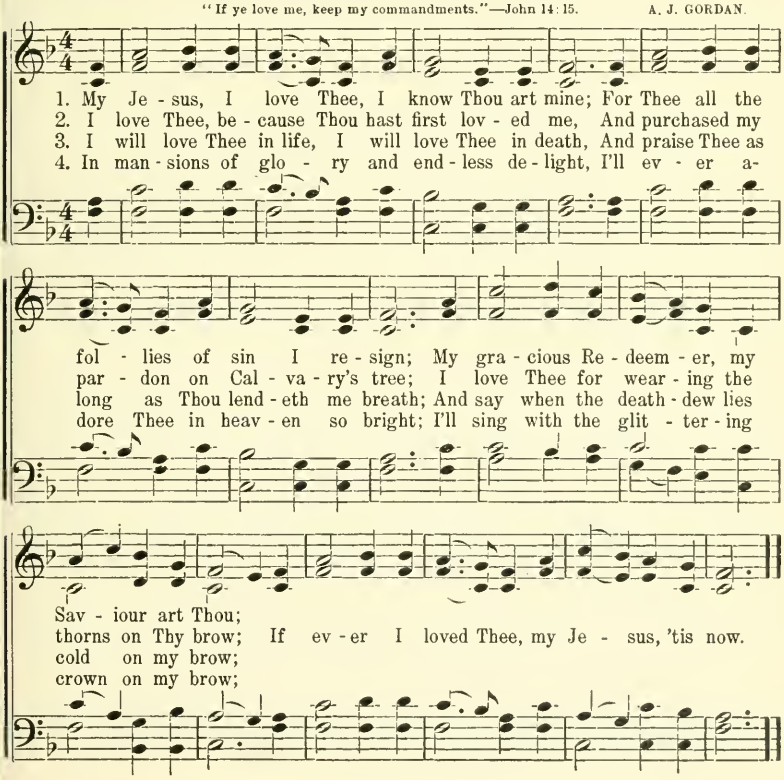
It is For Us All To-day. Concluded.



No. 24. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

"If ye love me, keep my commandments."—John 14:15. A. J. GORDAN.



No. 25. Sweet Rest.

M. W. KNAPP.

1. How sweet is the rest and the ho - ly com-mun-ion, Since Je - sus came
2. I tar - ried and trust - ed, as Je - sus com-mand-ed, The Spir - it de-
3. Oh, I am so hap - py since He has betrothed me, His bride and com-
4. The blood of the Sav - iour my soul sanc - ti - fi - eth, My heart is now

in - to my heart to a - bide, His pres - ence so prec - ious, is
scend-ed o'er - flow - ing my soul, And keep - ing each mo - ment He
pan - ion for - ev - er to be; In stars and in mount - ains, the
cleansed and made per - fect in love; When Sa - tan be - sets and his

balm to my spir - it, As swift - ly and sweet-ly the glad moments glide. My
takes full pos-ses-sion, And bil - lows of glo - ry and grace o'er me roll. He
birds and the flow-ers, In streams and the wildwood new beau-ty I see. What
sharp ar-rows fli - eth, I shout and sweep on to my man - sion a - bove, I'm

sins He has borne, and He car-ries my sor-rows, And all my in - i - qui - ties
comforts when tempted, and heals my dis-eas-es, And soon with His an - gels shall
exquis-ite pleasure, what joy and what gladness, Ex - ult-ant, my spir - it with
fed on the bread and the wine of the king-dom, My doubts and my fears have all

on Him were laid. How matchless the grace, and the deep con - de-scen sion,
come in the air, And reign on His throne in His soon com-ing king-dom,
mel - o - dy thrills, I soar like a bird that is freed in the mountains,
van-ished a - way, I'm go - ing to dwell with my Sav - iour for - ev - er,

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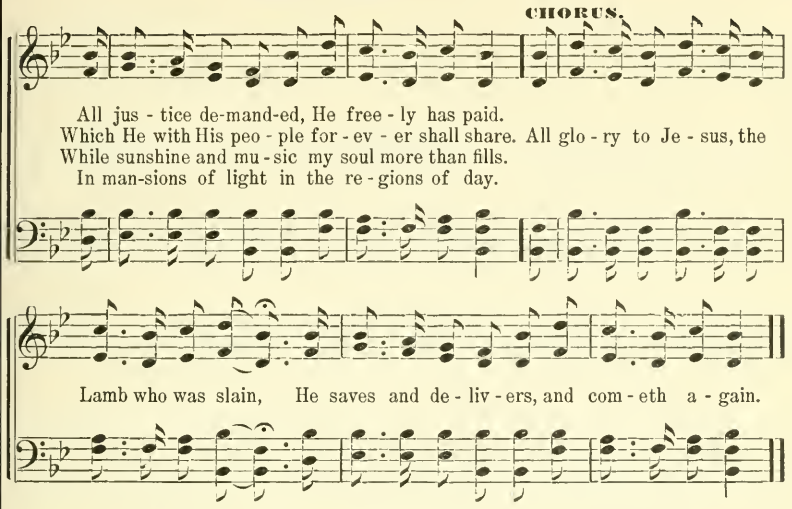
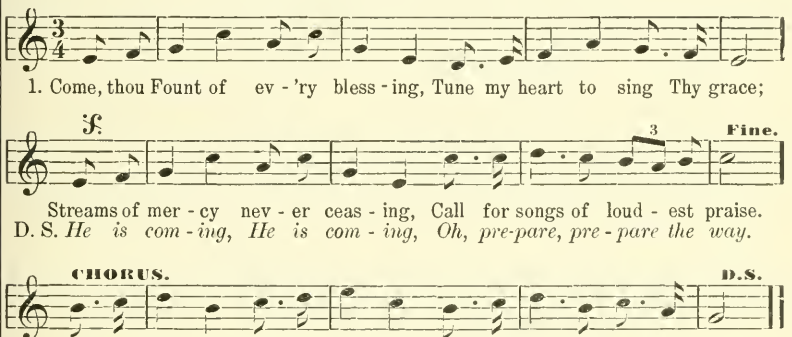
Sweet Rest. Concluded.



No. 26. May Every Soul Be Filled.

"Be filled with the Spirit."—Eph. 3: 18.



2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of Thy redeeming love!

3 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

5 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee:

6 Prone to love Thee, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to serve the God I love;
Here's my heart, Oh, take and seal it;
Seal it for Thy courts above.

ROBERT ROBINSON.

No. 27. We Walk by Faith.

"This is the victory that hath overcome the world, even our faith."—I. John 5: 4.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We walk by faith,..... and oh how sweet,..... The flow'rs that
2. We walk by faith,..... He wills it so,..... And marks the
3. We walk by faith,..... di - vine - ly blest,..... On Him we
4. And thus by faith,..... till life shall end,..... We'll walk with

grow..... beneath our feet,..... And fragrance breathe... along the
path ..... that we should go;..... And when at times..... our sky is
lean..... in Him we rest;..... The more we trust..... our Shepherd's
Him..... our dearest Friend; ..... Till safe we tread..... the fields of

way..... that leads the soul..... to end - less day.....
dim,..... He gent - ly draws..... us close to Him.....
care,..... The more His love..... 'tis ours to share.....
light, ... Where faith is lost..... in per - fect sight .....

CHORUS. Express.

We walk by faith, but not a - lone, Our Shepherd's tender voice we hear,

And feel His hand with - in our own, And know that He is al - ways near.

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No. 28. On the Street.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow: though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."—Isaiah 1: 18.

H. L. HASTINGS. W. A. WILLIAMS. Rev. by R. E. M.

1. "On the street, on the street," To and fro with wea - ry feet;
2. "On the street, on the street," Still I walk with wea - ry feet;
3. "On the street, on the street," Late I walk with wea - ry feet;
4. "On the street, on the street," Might I *here* a Sav - iour meet!

Ach - ing heart and ach - ing head, Home-less, lack - ing dai - ly bread.
Lone - ly mid the cit - y's din, Sunk in grief and woe and sin;
Oh, that this sad life might end, Oh, that I might find one Friend;
From the bless - ed far - off years, Comes the sto - ry of *her* tears;

Lost to friends and joy and name, Sold to sor - row, sin and shame;
Far from peace and far from home, No one car - ing where I roam;
One who would not from me turn, Nor my pray'r of sor - row spurn;
Whose sad heart with sor - row broke, Heard the words of love He spoke—

Wet with rain and chilled by storm, Ru - ined, wretched, lone, for - lorn.
No kind hand stretched forth to save, No bright hope be - yond the grave.
Oh, that I that Friend could see, He would pity - ing look on me.
Heard Him bid her an - guish cease, Heard Him whis - per, "Go in peace!"

CHORUS.

"On the street, on the street," Still I wan - der on the street.

By per.

No. 29. Not Made With Hands.

"He looked for the city which hath the foundations, whose builder and maker is God."—Heb. 11: 10.

Arr. by JOHN S. BROWN. Arr. by MISS AVANELLE DYER.

1. Christ went a build - ing to pre - pare, Not made with hands,
2. Put on the ar - mor of our God, Not made with hands,
3. With shield of faith de - fy the foe, Not made with hands,
4. Then come up, chil - dren, get your crown, Not made with hands,
5. That cit - y's built with prec - ious stone, Not made with hands,

And 'twill be deck'd with jew - els rare, Not made..... with hands.
And take the path our Cap - tain trod, Not made..... with hands.
Un - til you hear the trum - pet blow, Not made..... with hands.
When you have laid your ar - mor down, Not made..... with hands.
With - in we'll gath - er 'round the throne, Not made..... with hands.

CHORUS.

I know, (I know,) I know, (I know,) I have an - oth - er build - ing;

I know, (I know,) I know,) I know,) 'Tis not made.... with hands.

Copyright, 1900, by Brown Bros. By per.

No. 30. At the Cross. (Key A♭.)

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head,
For such a worm as I?

Cho.—At the cross, at the cross,
Where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away,
It was there by faith
I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day.

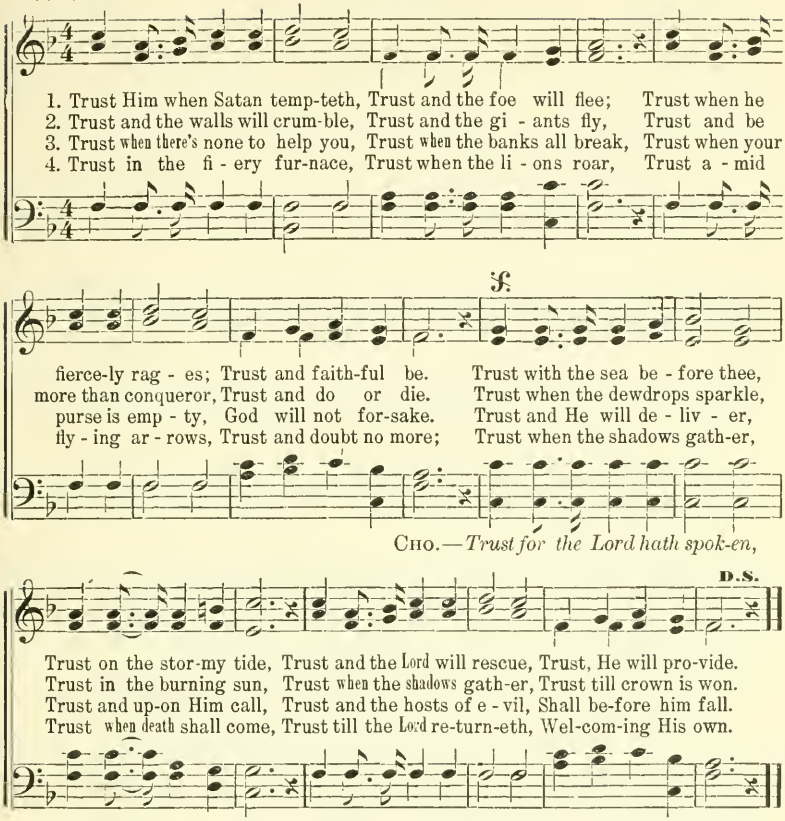
2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

3 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do!

I. Watts.

No. 31. Trusting Jesus.

M. W. KNAPP. Have faith in God. LOWELL MASON.



Trust, He can-not fail, "Scripture cannot be broken," Trust Him and prevail.

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No. 32. Jesus Commands. (Key F.) Music T. & T.

1 Jesus commands us to forgive
If we would be forgiv'n;
And Christians be while here on earth,
Or reign with Him in heav'n.

CHORUS.

I must forgive, I do forgive,
My every enemy;
For Jesus shed His precious blood
That He might pardon me.

2 Tho' deeply wronged we may have been,
Our wrongs do not exceed
The insults we have heaped on Him
Who for our sins did bleed.

3 He for His foes did suffer death,
And freely all forgave;
And perished on the cruel cross
That He their souls might save.

4 For those who pierced His hands and feet,
Our Saviour prayed "Forgive;"
His spirit we must all possess
If we with Him would live.

5 O God, Thy spirit now impart,
That I Thine own may be;
That all my foes I may forgive
As Thou forgivest me.

M. W. KNAPP.

No. 33. The Very Same Jesus.

"Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and to-day, yea and forever."—Hebrews 13: 8.

H. L. EDMUNDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Come, sin - ners, to the Liv - ing One, He's just the same Je - sus,
2. Come, feast up - on the "liv - ing bread," He's just the same Je - sus,
3. Come, tell Him all your griefs and fears, He's just the same Je - sus,
4. Come un - to Him for clear - er light, He's just the same Je - sus,
5. Calm midst the waves of trou - ble be, He's just the same Je - sus,
6. Some day our rap - tured eyes shall see, He's just the same Je - sus,

As when He raised the wid - ows son, The ver - y same Je - sus.
As when the mul - ti - tudes He fed, The ver - y same Je - sus.
As when He shed those lov - ing tears, The ver - y same Je - sus.
As when He gave the blind their sight, The ver - y same Je - sus.
As when He hushed the rag - ing sea, The ver - y same Je - sus.
Oh, bless - ed day for you and me! The ver - y same Je - sus.

CHORUS.

The ver - y same Je - sus, The won - der work - ing Je - sus;

Oh, praise His name, He's just the same, The ver - y same Je - sus.

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No. 34. Joy To The World. (Key E♭.)

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

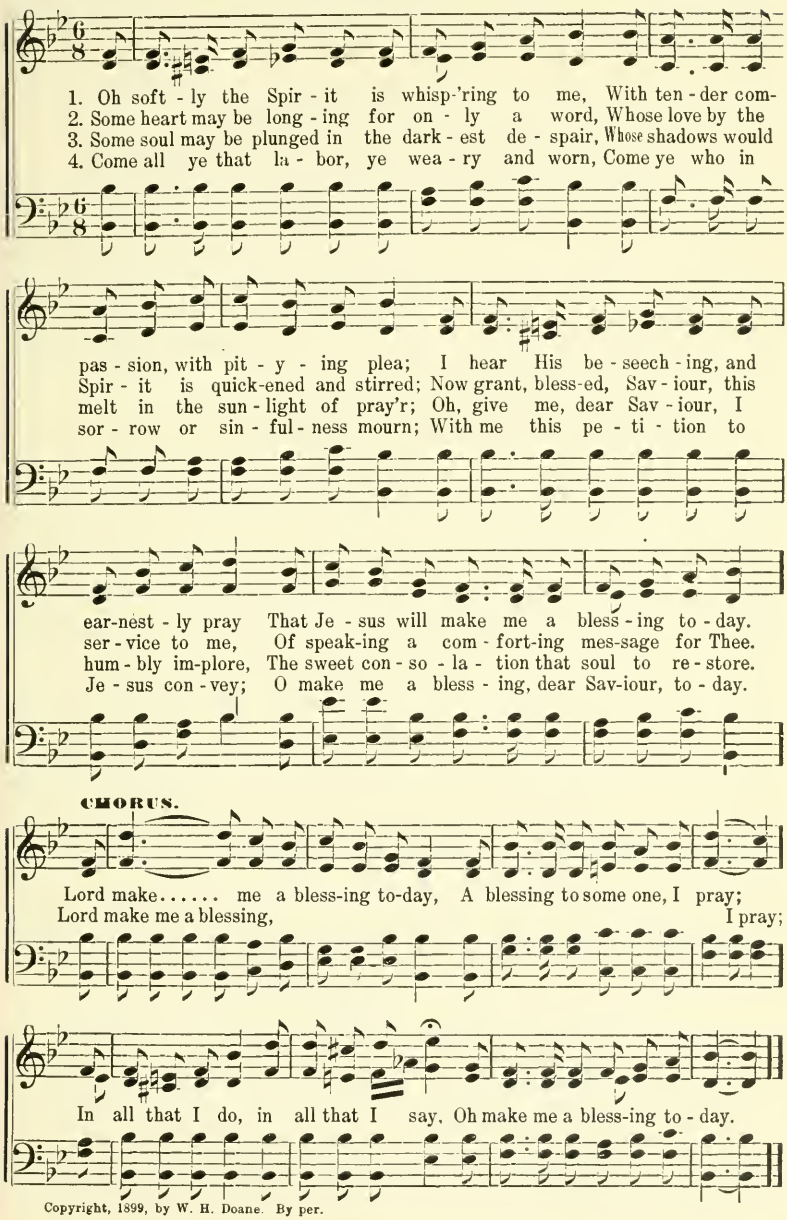
2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

REV. I. WATTS. 1719.

No. 35. Make Me a Blessing To-day.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. "And thou shalt be a blessing."—Gen. 12: 2. W. H. DOANE.



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No. 36. Jesus Knocking.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him."—Rev. 3: 20.

M. W. KNAPP. Arr.

1. Stand - ing out - side and gent - ly knock-ing At Thy heart's door;
Up - on the cru - el cross He suf-fered, Nailed to the tree;

2. Still, still He waits in lov - ing pa-tience, Weep - ing o'er thee.
Turn, turn from sin and Sa - tan's ser - vice, Oh, yield to - day.

3. Oh, soon sal - va - tion's prec-ious har - vest, End - ed will be;
Oh, heed the Spir - it's gen - tle plead - ing, Or else too late,

Thy Sav-iour waits and now would save thee, Grieve Him a - way no more.
From Sa - tan, sin and doom re - deem-ing,—All this for you and me.
Oh, shall His grace and ten - der mer - cy, Fruit - less for - ev - er be?
Oh come, and in your deep con - tri-tion, Trust Him, be-lieve, o - bey.
And you un - saved be lost for - ev - er—Doomed thro' e-ter - ni - ty.
Your soul will sink in bit - ter tor-ment; This be your aw - ful fate.

CHORUS.

He is call - ing, waits to win thee, Save thee from all sin,

Throw wide the por-tals, bid Him en - ter, And He will reign with-in.

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No. 37. Shall We Meet. (Key of A♭.)

1 Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?
Where in all the bright forever
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

Cho.—Shall we meet, shall we meet,
Shall we meet beyond the river?
Shall we meet beyond the river?
Where the surges cease to roll?

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the fair celestial shore?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine?
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

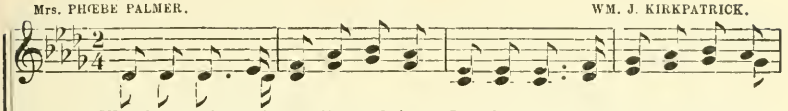
4 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

H. L. HASTINGS.

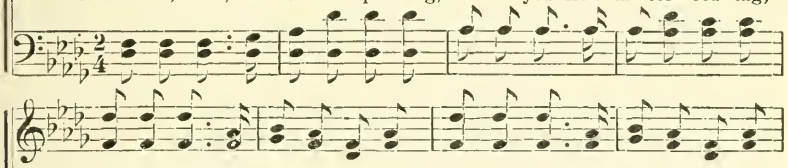
No. 38. Jesus Comes.

"Be ye also ready: for in an hour that ye think not, the son of man cometh."—Matt. 24. 44.

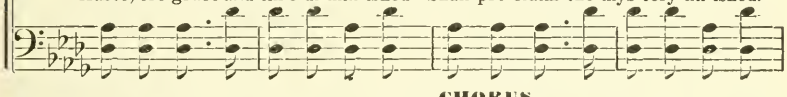
Mrs. PHŒBE PALMER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



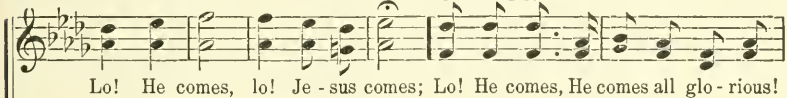
1. Watch, ye saints with eyelids wak-ing, Lo, the pow'rs of heav'n are shaking;
2. Lo! the prom - ise of your Sav-iour; Par-don'd sin and purchas'd fav - or,
3. Kingdoms at their base are crumbling, Hark, His chariot wheels are rumbling;
4. Nations wane, tho' proud and state-ly, Christ His kingdom hasteneth great-ly;
5. Lamb of God!—Thou meek and low-ly, Ju - dah's li - on!—high and ho - ly
6. Sin-ners, come, while Christ is pleading, Now for you He's in - ter - ced - ing;



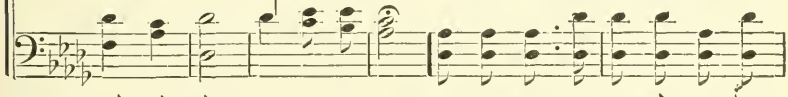
Keep your lamps all trimm'd and burning, Read - y for your Lord's re-turn-ing.
Blood-wash'd robes and crowns of glo - ry; Haste to tell re-demp tion's sto - ry.
Tell, oh tell of grace a bound-ing, While the sev - enth trump is sounding.
Earth her lat - est pangs is sum-ming, Shout, ye saints, your Lord is com-ing.
Lo! thy Bride comes forth to meet thee, All in blood-wash'd robes to greet thee.
Haste, ere grace and time di-min-ished Shall pro-claim the mys-tery fin-ished.

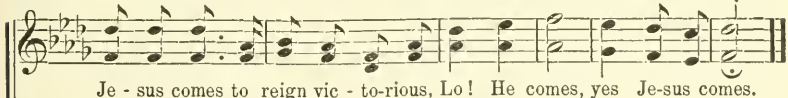


CHORUS.

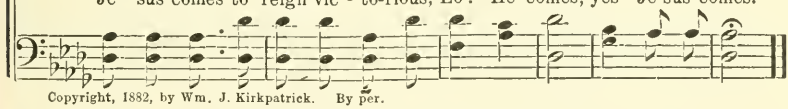


Lo! He comes, lo! Je - sus comes; Lo! He comes, He comes all glo - rious!





Je - sus comes to reign vic - to-rious, Lo! He comes, yes Je-sus comes.



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No. 39. Dennis. (Key F♯.)

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

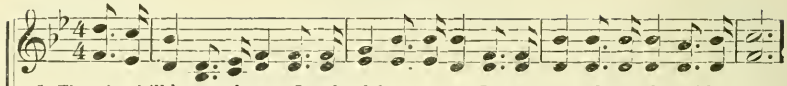
3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

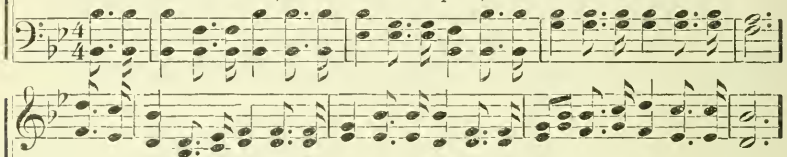
REV. JOHN FAWCETT. 1772.

No. 40. Calvary.

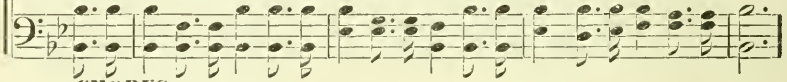
Rev. B. CARRADINE. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



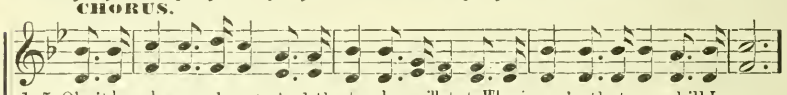
1. There's a hill lone and gray, In a land far a - way, In a country beyond the blue sea,
2. Behold! faint on the road, 'Neath the world's heavy load, Comes a thorn-crowned Man on the way!
3. Hark, I hear the dull blow Of the hammer swung low, They are nailing my Lord to the tree!
4. How they mock Him in death To His last lab'ring breath, While his friends sadly weep o'er the way!
5. Then the darkness came down, And the rocks rent around, And a cry pierced the sad-lad-en air!
6. Let the sun hide its face, Let the earth reel apace, Over men who their Sav-iour have slain!



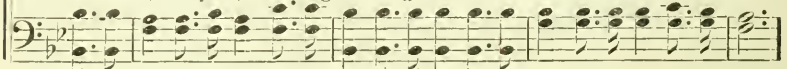
Where beneath that fair sky, Went a man forth to die, For the world and for you and for me.
With a cross He is bowed, But still on thro' the crowd, He's ascending that hill lone and gray.
And the cross they upraise While the multitude gaze On the blest Lamb of dark Calvary!
But tho' lonely and faint, Still no word of complaint, Fell from Him on the hillock of gray.
'Twas the voice of our King, Who received death's dark sting, All to save us from endless despair.
But, behold! from the sod Comes the blessed Lamb of God, Who was slain, but is risen a-gain.

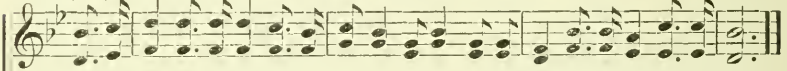


CHORUS.

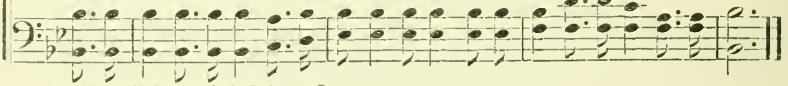


1–5. Oh, it bows down my heart, And the tear-drops will start, When in mem'ry that gray hill I see;
6. Shout aloud, then my soul, Let the glad tidings roll From the land to the end of the sea!





For 'twas there on its side Jesus suffered and died, To redeem a poor sinner like me.
Jesus conquer'd the grave, And has risen to save The whole world, and to make us all free.



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No. 41. Nothing But the Blood of Jesus.

1 What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Cho.—Oh, precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow;—
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

2 Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

3 This is all my hope and peace,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

REV. R. LOWRY. By per.

No. 42. Sitting at the Feet of Jesus.

Arr.

1. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, Oh what words I hear Him say!
2. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, Where can mor - tal be more blest?
3. Bless me, oh my Sav-iour, bless me, As I sit low at Thy feet;

Hap - py place! so near, so prec - ious! May it find me there each day:
There I lay my sins and sor - rows, And when wea - ry, find sweet rest:
Oh, look down in love up - on me. Let me see Thy face so sweet,

Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, I would look up - on the past;
Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, There I love to weep and pray,
Give me, Lord, the mind of Je - sus, Make me ho - ly as He is;

For His love has been so grac - ious, It has won my heart at last.
While I from His full-ness gath - er Grace and com - fort ev - 'ry day.
May I prove I've been with Je - sus, Who is all my right-eous-ness.

No. 43. Come, Ye Sinners Poor and Needy.

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power.
‖:He is able, He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.:‖

Cho.—Turn to the Lord and seek salvation,
Sing the praise of His dear name,
Glory, honor and salvation,
Christ the Lord has come to reign.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance—
Every grace that brings you nigh—
‖:Without money, without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.:‖

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.
‖:This He gives you, this He gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.:‖

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
‖:Not the righteous, not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to all.:‖

No. 44. Salvation in the Heart.

Arr. by E. L. K. and W. P.

1. I'm glad I have sal - va - tion In my heart, I'm
2. I want to be like Je - sus, In my heart, I
3. I will not be de - ceit - ful In my heart, I
4. I'm glad I love my neigh - bors, In my heart, I'm
5. I'm glad I love my ene - mies, In my heart, 'm
6. I feel the Spir - it burn - ing In my heart, I

In my heart,

glad I have sal - va - tion, In my heart, In my heart, In my
want to be like Je - sus, In my heart, In my heart, In my
will not be de - ceit - ful, In my heart, In my heart, In my
glad I love my neigh-bors, In my heart, In my heart, In my
glad I love my ene - mies, In my heart, In my heart, In my
feel the Spir - it burn - ing In my heart, In my heart, In my

In my heart,

heart, I'm glad I have sal - va - tion In my heart.
heart, I want to be like Je - sus, In my heart.
heart, I will not be de - ceit - ful In my heart.
heart, I'm glad I love my neigh - bors, In my heart.
heart, I'm glad I love my ene - mies, In my heart.
heart, I feel the Spir - it burn - ing In my heart.

In my heart,

No. 45. From Greenland's Icy Mountains. (Key F.)

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down the golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation!—Oh salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

R. Heber.

No. 46. Jesus Saves.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."—Mark 16:15.

M. W. KNAPP

Fine.

1. Tell the tid - ings far and near, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
   Let men and an - gels pause and hear, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
2. He left His shin - ing home a - bove, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
   For us to die, oh won-drous love, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
3. He speaks the word and heals the soul, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
   His touch can make our bod - ies whole, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
4. From heav en soon, He will de - scend, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
   The earth will quake, the rocks will rend, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
5. Oh, sin - ner, call on Him to - day! Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
   Re - pent and yield, and to Him pray, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

D. C. While waves of glo - ry o'er me roll, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Let all the joy - ful tid - ings tell, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
'Till we His full-ness know and feel, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
For that great day let all pre - pare, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
And all His sav - ing full - ness know, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

D. C.

He saves from sin and makes me whole, He fills and keeps my hap - py soul,
He vic - t'ry brought o'er death and hell, He will our doubts and fears dis - pel;
His bruis - es our di - seas - es heal, His spir - it waits our hearts to seal,
His bride will meet Him in the air, The wick - ed wail - ing in de - spair,
His pow'r can whit - er make than snow, Oh, plunge beneath its crim - son flow!

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No. 47. Steps Into The Fountain. (Key D.)

TUNE: Sweet By and By.

1 God commands that I holy should be,
And His word I sincerely believe,
Oh I long from my sin to be free,
And the Spirit of promise receive.

CHORUS.

Now I yield and believe,
That the blood washes whiter than snow,
Now by faith I receive,
Hallelujah, the blessing I know.

2 All my need I with weeping confess,
I am longing this cleansing to know;
And the gift of the Spirit possess,
And be washed and made whiter than snow.

3 I will seek till the gift I obtain,
I will knock till He open the door;
Come, oh come and remove every stain,
Fully cleanse and abide evermore.

4 On the altar I now place my all,
All my being forever resign;
And whatever my life may befall,
All the will of my God shall be mine.

5 Now I trust in the promise alone,
And this moment I fully believe,
That His blood does so fully atone,
That the Spirit just now I receive.

6 I'll confess that He cleanses my soul,
And will publish as onward I go,
That the Saviour has made fully whole,
That the blood washes whiter than snow.

M. W. KNAPP.

No. 48. God's Cable.

"Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and will show thee great things."—Jer. 33: 3.

M. W. KNAPP. REV. D. WILLIAMS.

1. There's a ca - ble laid by Je - sus, From my soul up to the sky;
2. All the mes - sag - es are paid for, Thro' the Sav-iour's prec - ious blood;
3. Who may use this won-drous ca - ble, Is made ver - y clear and plain;
4. All ob-struc-tions to this ca - ble Must be ev - er kept a - way;
5. Soon I think my heav'n-ly Fa - ther, Will get lone-some there for me,

Tel - e-grams of greatest mo - ment, O'er it oft and swift-ly fly, Bring-ing
Flowing forth from Cal-v'ry's fountain, In a pu - ri - fy - ing flood; Purchas-
Ev - il all must be for - sak - en, How - so - ev - er great the pain; And the
Brok-en vows, neg-lect - ed du - ties, Oft - en hin - der and de - lay. God is
And will tel - e - graph a mes - sage To for - ev - er with Him be; Then at

God and help and heaven, To me ver-y, ver - y nigh, Oh, glo - ry to His name.
ing for all a pardon, And communion sweet with God, To Him be all the praise.
precious blood of Jesus, Cleanse the heart from ev-'y stain, It now a - vails for me.
watching very closely, All we think and do and say, He search es ev -'ry heart.
home with God in heaven, I shall spend e-ter - ni-ty, At the central office there.

CHORUS.

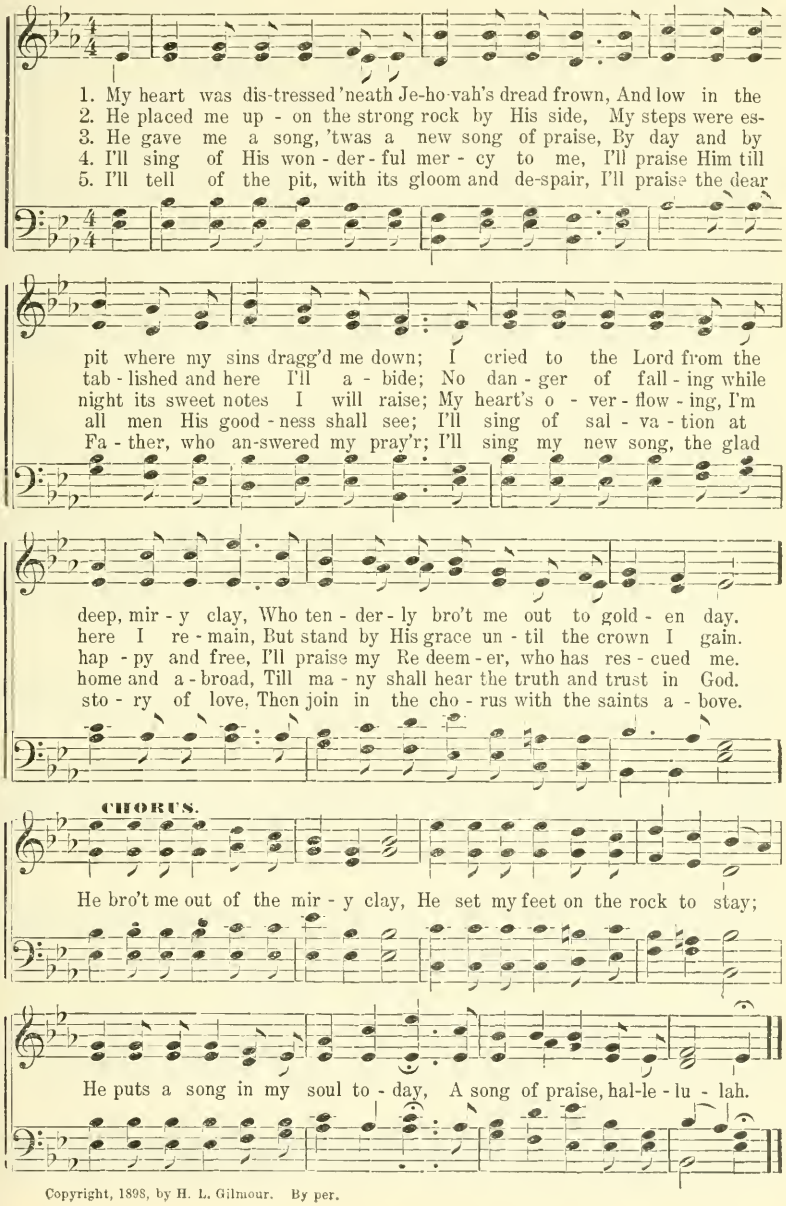
Telegraph, believe, He is hear - ing, Telegraph, re-ceive, He is cheer - ing;

Telegraph, re - joice, He is near - ing, Oh, glo - ry to His name.

No. 49. He Brought Me Out.

"He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God"—Ps. 49: 1-3.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY. Cho. by H. L. G. H. L. GILMOUR.



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No. 50. Cry of a Lost Soul.

M. W. KNAPP. "In hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments."—Luke 16: 23.

mp **SOLO. Andante.**

1. All life's summer now is end - ed, And its har-vest too, is o'er, I must
2. Oft of yore the Spir-it plead-ed, Je-sus knocked, but all in vain, Pleasure
3. List-en! list - en to my warn ing, Lest this place your doom shall be, Turn from
4. Soon will close thy brief probation, And the Spir - it strive no more, Soon be

mf

reap what I have scattered, Reap in hell for ev-er-more. Self deceived, my soul was
lured, busi-ness hur-ried, Oh, to hear His voice again. Once my heart was touched and
sin, this ver-y mo-ment, Look a - way to Cal - va - ry. I too, lingered, oh what
fixed thy soul's condition, And thy days of grace be o'er; Then too late, will be thy

bartered, Oh, the fearful, fear-ful cost; Sold to sin and Sa-tan's service, I am
tender, To per-sua-sions warning voice, Once I trembled for the fu-ture, But I
fol - ly; Whispered "some-time," "not to-day," 'Till my of - fer of sal - va-tion, Had for
pleading, Then too late to en - ter in, Then too late thy wail of anguish, Then too

f **CHORUS.**

lost, for-ev - er lost.
made the fatal choice. God's call has ceased forever, It no more can reach my
ev - er slipp'd a-way.
late the crown to win.

soul, Lost to joy, and hope, and heaven, While e - ter - nal a - ges roll.

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No. 51. O It Is Wonderful.

"O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God."—Rom. 11: 33.

E. C. GREEN. Alt. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Can it be that Je-sus bought me, And on the hallowed cross atoned for me,
2. Praise His name, He so't and found me, Sav'd me from wandering and bro't me near;
3. It was months He had been waiting, Waiting the dawning of the precious hour;
4. From that hour He has been seeking, How He may fill me with His precious love;

Loved me, chose me ere I knew Him? O, what a precious, precious Friend is He!
Free - ly now His grace bestow - ing, Je - sus is grow - ing un - to me more dear.
When I should at last be yield - ing, Yielding to Je - sus ev-'ry ransom'd pow'r.
How He may thro' grace transform me, Meet for the fel - low-ship of saints a-bove.

CHORUS.

O, it is won - der - ful, Ver - y, ver - y won - der - ful,

1 2

All His grace so rich and free!
[*Omit* . . . . .] All His love and grace to me!

Copyright, 1894, by The Hoffman Music Co. By per.

No. 52. Asleep in Jesus. L. M. (Key F♯.)

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep!
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

3 Asleep in Jesus! oh for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

4 Asleep in Jesus! far from Thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But Thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

MRS. MARGARET MACKAY.

No. 53. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

"The eternal God is thy dwelling place, and underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33: 27.

REV. E. A HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER. By per.

1. What a fel - low-ship, what a joy di - vine, Lean-ing on the ev - er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the ev - er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev - er-

last - ing arms; What a bless - ed-ness, What a peace is mine,
last - ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

REFRAIN.

Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - - ing,
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing on Je - sus,

lean - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms; Lean -
Lean - ing on Je - sus, Lean-ing on

ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last-ing arms.
Je - sus, lean - ing on Je - sus,

No. 54. No Condemnation.

"Beloved, if our hearts condemn us not, we have boldness toward God."—I. John 3: 21.

MRS. F. G. BURROUGHS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There's no con - dem - na - tion to them in Christ Je - sus, That walk in the Spir - it a - lone; Their chains have been brok - en, Their free - dom is spok - en, And now Je - sus calls them His own.
2. There's no con - dem - na - tion and no sep - a - ra - tion From Je - sus our Lov - er di - vine; No death and no sor - row, No thought for to- mor - row, When all that is Je - sus' is mine.
3. There's no con - dem - na - tion, oh bless - ed as - sur - ance, To sin - ners now sav'd by His grace; The law has no ter - ror, Truth triumphs o'er er - ror, Since Je - sus has stood in our place.
4. There's no con - dem - na - tion, ring out the sweet sto - ry, To all who are long - ing for rest, That life in Christ Je - sus From sin and death frees us, And urge them the prom - ise to test.

CHORUS.

I'll praise Him, I'll praise Him Who saves me and calls me His own; There's no con - dem - na - tion to them in Christ Je-sus That live by the Spir - it a - lone.

Copyright 1899. by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

No. 55. Song of Joy and Victory.

"Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—II. Cor. 15:57.

M. W. KNAPP. Arr. by R. E. M.

1. My joy I'll tell, since the Ho - ly Spir - it fell He fills, and my heart
2. The clouds that rise prove but blessings in dis-guise And help to the skies
3. This war will cease, and this world be filled with peace, Will bud and will bloom
4. Oh rapturous thrill, that my bound-ing heart will fill, When Je - sus, my King

is so free; The stars shine bright and my path-way is so light, And my
ev - 'ry day I up - ward press, and the Lord my soul doth bless, As I
ev - er - more; The saints will reign, and the Sav-iour come a - gain, And His
shall re - turn, The signs all show, and be - liev - ers all may know, If the

Saviour comes and dwells with me. His precious blood, with its pu - ri - fy - ing
trust His word and watch and pray. When Sa - tan tries, and my soul he would sur-
king-dom be from shore to shore. Oh, spread the sound wher-ev-er a man is
tok - ens they will on - ly learn. Sin grow - ing bold, and be - liev-ers wax - ing

flood, A - vails now and cleans-es my soul, And per - fect love now comes
prise, And all of my pros-pects de - stroy, Then God doth fight, 'till the
found, So eag - er the mes-sage to hear, Oh, do not wait, for it
cold, Pre-pare for the rap - ture, pre-pare, The trum-p will blow, and we

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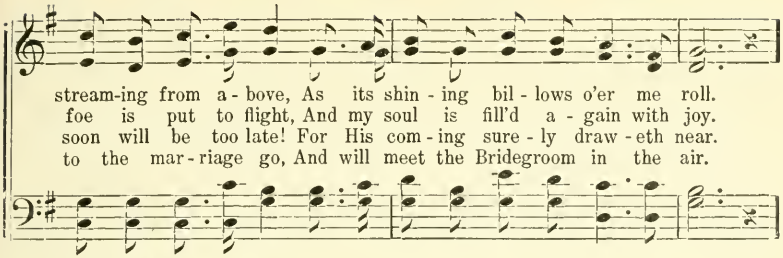
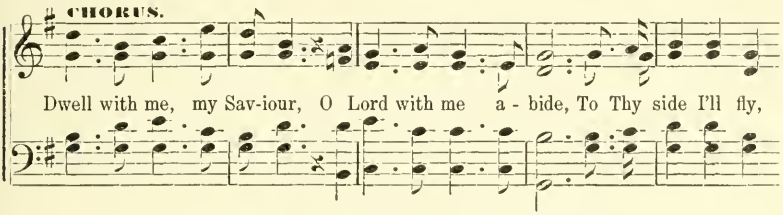
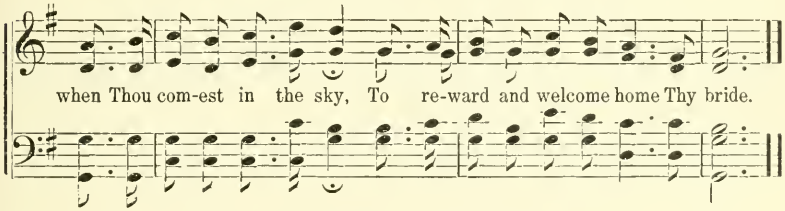
Song of Joy and Victory. Concluded.







No. 56. The Cry of the Heathen.

TUNE: There is a Happy Land.

1 Millions in heathen lands
Over the sea;
Wandering in sin and night,
And misery.
Oh hear their bitter cry!
Oh heed it e'er they die!
Oh quickly to them fly,
Their souls to save!

Boundless the love of God;
Mankind to win,
Yielding His only Son
To save from sin.
Oh, who the news will tell
That saves from sin and hell,
And will all fear dispel—
Oh, who will go?

Jesus commands to go
To every land,
From Greenland's gleaming snow
To Afric's strand.
No longer then delay,
Or needless waiting stay;
Oh, quickly speed away;
Oh, heed His word.

Jesus for them did bleed
On Calvary;
For them does intercede
Up in the sky.
He bids us quickly go,
That they His love may know,
And turn from sin and woe,
And now be saved.

Oh, how for help they cry
To you and me!
Jesus can satisfy.
He can set free.
Who will the tidings take?
Who will from sin awake?
Oh, who for Jesus' sake,
Will to them go?

M. W. KNAPP.

No. 57. Rescue the Perishing.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled,"—Luke 14:23.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By per.

1. Res - cue the per - ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy lab-or the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing ones, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive. Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gent-ly;
grace can re - store, Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak-ened by kind - ness,
Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient-ly win them;

REFRAIN.

Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
Chords that are brok - en will vi-brate once more.
Tell the poor wanderer a Sav - iour has died.

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

No. 58. The Child of a King. (Key F.)

1 My Father is rich
In houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth
Of the world in His hands!
Of rubies and diamonds,
Of silver and gold
His coffers are full,
He has riches untold!

CHO.—I'm the child of a King!
The child of a King!
With Jesus, my Saviour,
I'm the child of a King.

2 A tent or a cottage,
Why should I care?
They're building a palace
For me over there.
Though exiled from home,
Yet still I may sing:
"All glory to God,
I'm the child of a King."

H. E. BUELL.

No. 59. O Trust His Grace.

"The Scripture cannot be broken."—John 10: 35.

M. W. KNAPP. Arranged.

1. There's not a care that we may know, Nor pain that we may feel,
2. All of our bur-dens He has borne Up - on the cru - el tree,
3. Our sick - ness - es His pow'r can heal, Our pains with us He bears,
4. Then come to Je-sus, wea-ry one, Nor doubt His pow'r di - vine,

CHO. *O trust His grace and prove His pow'r, For ev - er - more the same;*

Fine.

That Je - sus does not sym-path-ize, That Je - sus can-not heal.
As there He paid the fearful price, To ran-som you and me,
And all of our in - firm-a - ties He kind - ly with us shares.
And seek just now His healing balm, His prom - is - es are thine,
He waits to bless this ver - y hour; O glo - ry to His name.

He died our sins to take a - way, Our sick - ness-es to cure. His
The fountain full was opened there, To save and sanc-ti - fy, To
What matchless grace, what love divine That for us in - ter - cedes; An-
"The pray'r of faith shall save the sick," His word declares it so; So

Repeat for Chorus.

word can nev-er bro-ken be; His prom - is - es are sure.....
heal the soul and bod-y, too, Then keep and glo - ri - fy.....
tic - i - pat-ing all our wants, Sup - ply - ing ev - 'ry need .....
come to Him and trust His grace, And thou His pow'r shalt know....

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No. 60. "Neither Do I Condemn Thee."

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3: 16.

LIDA M. KECK. J. M. BLACK.

1. By the proud wor - ship - pers, Scorned for her sin, Was the poor
2. Told of her wan - der - ings, Mark - ing each flaw, Spoke they of
3. Still cried the Phar - i - sees, "Pray, Mas - ter, pray, What shall we
4. Cheeks flushing red with shame, Turned each a - bout, And from His
5. Spoke He most ten - der - ly, "Pray, wo - man, pray," Hast thou ac-

wan - der - er Rude - ly brought in, Scribes came and Phar - i - sees,
pun - ish - ment, Quot - ing the law. Sat He un - heed - ing - ly,
do with her What dost Thou say?" Spoke He re - buk - ing - ly,
pres - ence went Si - lent - ly out. Then saw He stand - ing there,
cus - ers none?" "Nay, Mas-ter, nay," Neith - er do I con - demn,

Eag - er to see, What the meek Naz - a - rene's, Ver - dict would be.
Head bow - ing low, Writ - ing the ground up - on, Sad - ly and slow.
"Let the first stone, Come from a sin - less hand, And thence a - lone."
Head bend - ing low, Her whom the world de-spised, Saw her tears flow.
Soul sick and sore, Go, for I par - don thee, Go, sin no more."

pp **CHORUS.** *p*

"Neither do I condemn thee," Precious words di - vine! Falling from lips of

f **Cres.**

mer - cy. Like the sweetest chime, Won-der-ful words of Je - sus! Sing them

Copyright, 1898, by J. M. Black. By per.

"Neither Do I Condemn Thee." Concluded.

ff Rit.

o'er and o'er, "Neith-er do I condemn thee, Go, and sin no more."

No. 61. Some Mother's Child.

"The son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost."—Luke 19: 18.

A. F. I. A. F. INGLER.

Slow, with feeling.

1. Some mother's child, out in the wild, Far from the dear Shepherd's fold;
2. Some mother's child, tarnished, defiled, Strayed from the old home a - way;
3. Some mother's child, head-strong and wild, Snared by the de - mon of drink;
4. Some mother's child, lost and beguiled, Je - sus is pass - ing this way—
5. Some mother's child, looked up and smiled, When the Sa - mar - i - tan came;

Bruised by the storm, sad and for - lorn, Lost in the dark-ness and cold.
Loved ones are there, plead - ing in pray'r, Pray-ing for you all the day.
Hell is your doom, dense is the gloom, Oh, sin-ner, stop now and think.
Seek - ing the lost, great tho' the cost, Turn-ing their night in - to day.
Great tho' the need, kind was the deed, Done in the Mas-ter's dear name.

CHORUS.

Some moth-er's child, out in the wild, Strayed from the fold a - way;

Ritard.

Loved ones are there, plead-ing in pray'r, Pray - ing for you all day.

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No. 62. The Second Rest.

"I will sprinkle clear water upon you, and ye shall be clean."—Ezek. 36: 25.

REV. WM. McDONALD. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus, O Thou Prince of glo - ry, To Thy saints ap-pear to - day,
2. Large the promise, rich in bless - ing, Fills my hun-gry, thir - sty soul;
3. Oh, the bliss of trust - ing Je - sus, He has all my doubts re-moved,
4. Saints of God! take up the cho - rus, Shout it loud from pole to pole,

Teach-ing them the won-drous sto - ry, Wash-ing all their sins a - way;
Per - fect faith sees Je - sus on - ly; All my doubts and dark-ness roll
Filled my heart with joy and glad - ness, Per - fect-ed my soul in love.
Till the theme, so rich, so glo - rious, All a-round the earth shall roll;

Fill - ing them with joys ce - les - tial, Like a riv - er deep and wide,
Like as clouds when storms are o - ver; And the full-orbed sun ap - pears,
I re - joice in per - fect free - dom, I have found that sec-ond rest;
Ho - li - ness is God's ap - point ment, Ho - li - ness is Christ's command,

Ris - ing to the life e - ter - nal, O - pened in Thy wound-ed side.
Fill - ing all my soul with brightness, Scatt'ring all my doubts and fears.
I am trust-ing Je - sus on - ly, Trust-ing, I am sweet - ly blest.
Ho - li - ness, the soul's a - dorn - ment, For the bright - er, bet - ter land.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! I am trust - ing, Trust - ing till the storms are o'er;

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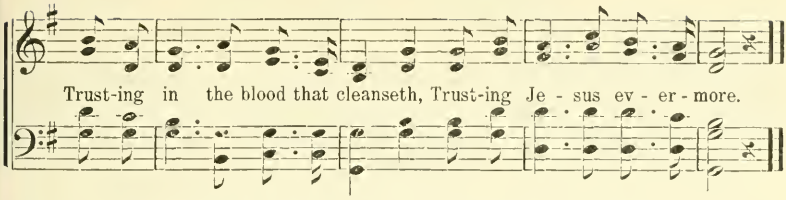
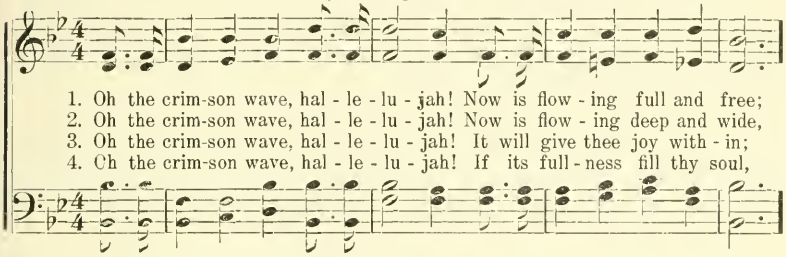
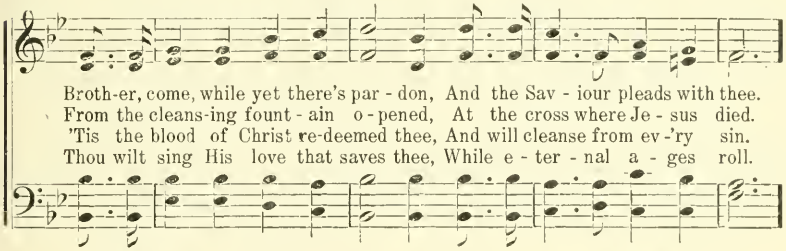
The Second Rest. Concluded.

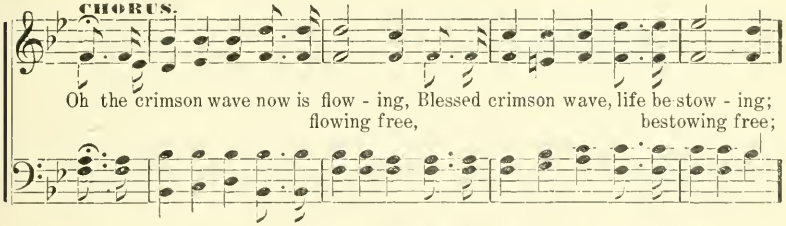


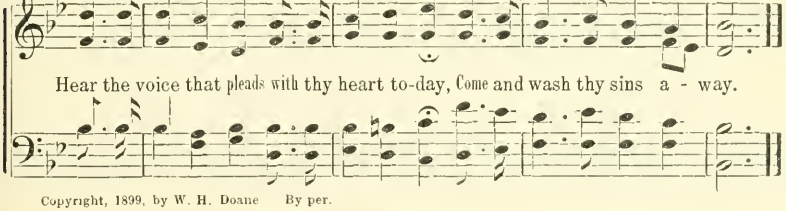
No. 63. The Crimson Wave is Flowing.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "We have redemption through his blood."—Col. 1: 14. W. H. DOANE.









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No. 64. Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.

"Come now and let us reason together saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isaiah 1: 18.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

DUET. Gently.

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow;
2. Hear the voice that en - treats you, O re - turn ye un - to God!
3. He'll for - give your trans-gress-ions, And re - mem-ber them no more;

Tho' your sins be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow;
Hear the voice that en - treats you, O re - turn ye un - to God!
He'll for - give your trans-gress-ions, And re - mem - ber them no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red..... like crim- son, They shall be as wool!"
He is of great..... com - pas-sion, And of wondrous love;
"Look un - to Me,..... ye peo - ple," Saith the Lord your God!

Tho' they be red

DUET. *p* QUARTET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
He'll for - give your transgressions, He'll for-give your transgressions,

f Rit.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
O re - turn ye un - to God! O re - turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

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No. 65. Decide To-night.

"Thyself hath decided it, so will thy judgment be."

W. A. SPENCER.

1. Some go a - way from the house to-night, Pu - ri - fied from sin;
2. Some will go out from the house of pray'r, Har - dened by de - lay,
3. Some will go out from the house to-night, Full of trust in God,
4. Wait-ing a mo - ment more for thee, Je - sus still en - treats;

CHO.—*Go-ing a - way from Christ to-night, A-way from His lov-ing care;*

Fine.

Oth - ers re - ject the prec-ious light, And go a - way un - clean;
Yield-ing to Sa - tan's lur - ing snare, Will hope-less turn a - way;
Hap - py in heart, made pure and white, By Je - sus' prec - ious blood;
Soon will the knock-ing end - ed be, That now thy closed heart beats;

Go - ing a - way from bless-ed light, To dark-nese and de - spair.

Lov - ing - ly still the Sav - iour stands, Plead - ing with thy heart;
Nev - er - more shall the Spir - it plead At the bolt - ed door;
Go not a - way, poor wan-d'rer, stay Till thou, too, art free!
Stay, sin-ner, stay at Mer - cy's door, Seek the o - pen gate;

D. C.

Pa-tient-ly knocks with His bleeding hands, Un - will - ing to de - part.
Now is the hour of thy soul's great need, 'Tis now or nev - er - more.
Walking with Christ life's hap - py way, Most bless - ed shalt thou be.
Sin - ner, de - cide, lest hope be o'er, And thou shouldst be too late.

Used by per. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick for Mrs. E. S. Spencer.

No. 66. Not One Forgotten.

E. E. HEWITT. "Not one of them is forgotten before God."—Luke 12: 6. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. There's a word of ten - der beau - ty In the say - ings of our Lord,
2. Though I'm least of all His chil-dren, So un - wor - thy of His love,
3. Oh, the wound-ed hands of Je - sus, All the springs of life con - trol,

How it stirs the heart to mu - sic, Wak - ing grat - i-tude's sweet chord;
Yet for me there's kind re - membrance In the Fa - ther-heart a - bove;
Is there an - y ill can harm me While His blood is on my soul?

f

For it tells me that "Our Fa - ther," From His throne of roy - al might,
He will ev - er save and keep me; He will guide me on the way,
Let me, like the lit - tle spar-row, Trust Him where I can - not see,

CHO.—*In my Fa-ther's bless - ed keep-ing, I am hap - py, safe and free;*

D. S. Chorus. *f*

Bends to note a fall - ing spar-row, For 'tis prec - ious in His sight.
For my Sav - iour gent - ly whis-pers, "Are ye not much more than they?"
In the sun-shine and the shad - ow, Sing - ing, He will care for me.

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While His eye is on the sparrow, I will not for - got - ten be.

No. 67. The Half Has Never Been Told.

1 I know I love Thee better, Lord,
Than any earthly joy;
For Thou hast given me the peace
Which nothing can destroy.

CHO.—The half has never yet been told,
Of love so full and free;
The half has never yet been told,
The blood—it cleanseth me.

2 I know that Thou art nearer still
Than any earthly throng,
And sweeter is the thought of Thee
Than any lovely song.

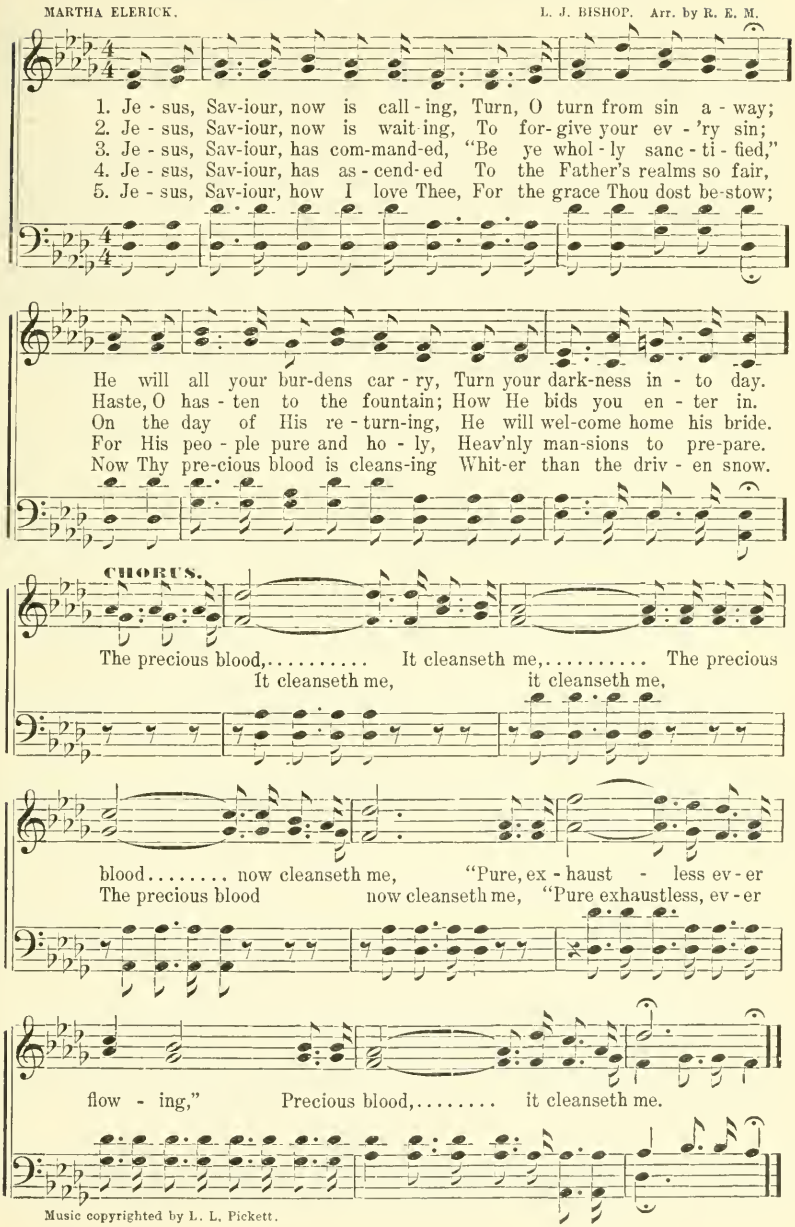
3 O Saviour, precious Saviour, mine!
What will Thy presence be,
If such a life of joy can crown
Our walk on earth with Thee?

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

No. 68. Jesus, Saviour, Now is Calling.

"A broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."—Psalm 51: 17.

MARTHA ELERICK. L. J. BISHOP. Arr. by R. E. M.



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No. 69. The Meeting in the Air.

"Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with him in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air."—I. Thess. 4: 71.

REV. J. M. ORROCK. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Have you heard of the ap-point-ment for a meet - ing in the air?
2. You have heard on earth sweet sing-ing, but no sing - ing such as here;
3. On the res - ur - rec - tion morn-ing this great meet-ing will take place;

Some ef ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion are ex - pect - ed to be there.
You have heard vic - to - rious shouting, but no shouts so loud and clear;
And the King whose name is Je - sus, will per - fect His wondrous grace;

f.

In the gar-ments of sal - va - tion young and old will be ar-rayed,
For they all are made im - mor - tal, who a - round the Sav-iour stand;
He will bid His ho - ly an - gels go and gath - er all His own;

D. S. *Yes we've had an in - vi - ta - tion, and have promised to be there,*

Fine.

Made from heav-en's roy - al pat - tern and the robes will nev - er fade.
They have left the gloom - y por - tals for the prom-ised, bet - ter land.
And in these, His roy - al char - iots, they will mount up to the throne.

And with bounding hearts are wait-ing for the meet-ing in the air.

CHORUS.

We have had an in - vi - ta - tion, and have prom-ised to be there,

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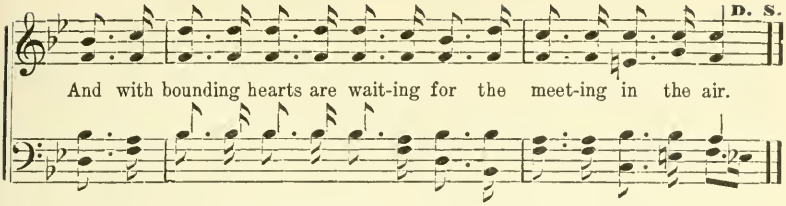
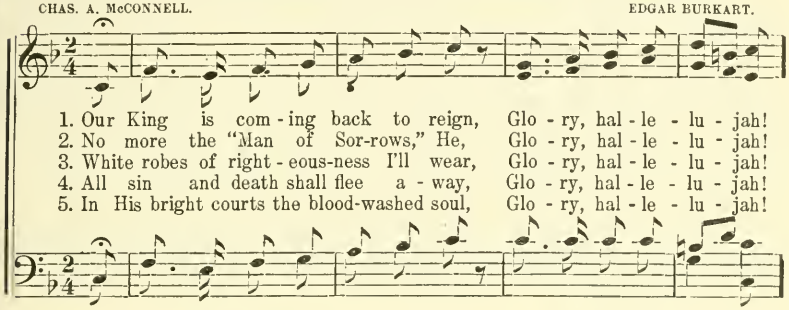
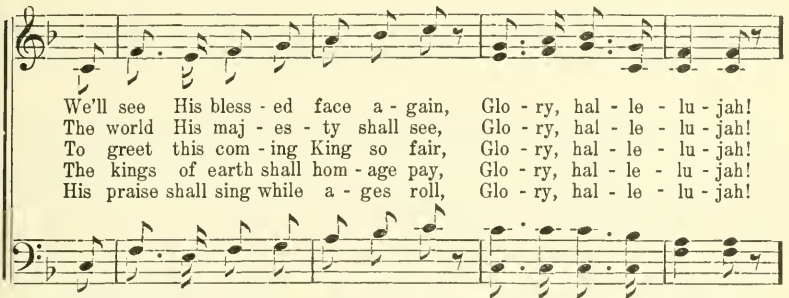
The Meeting in the Air. Concluded.

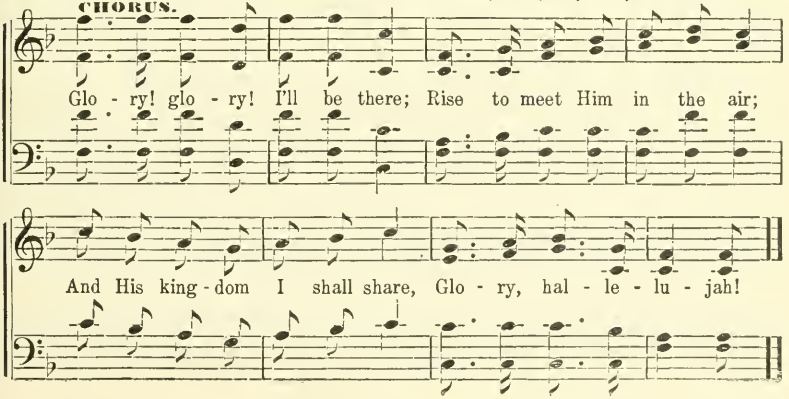


No. 70. Our King is Coming Back to Reign.

CHAS. A. McCONNELL. EDGAR BURKART.







No. 71. 'Tis a Glorious Church.

"That he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such things."—Eph. 5: 27.

Arr. by E. T. RINEHART.

1. Did you ev - er hear such words be - fore, Washed in the
2. Did you hear what Je - sus said to me, Washed in the
3. I have plunged be - neath the crim - son tide, Washed in the
4. O lift up your heads, ye sons of light, Washed in the
5. If I get there be - fore you do Washed in the
6. When that il - lus - tri - ous day shall rise, Washed in the

blood of the Lamb, As "go in peace and sin no more,"
blood of the Lamb, "Your sins are par - doned, you are free,"
blood of the Lamb, And now by faith I'm sanc - ti - fied,
blood of the Lamb, For Zi - on now is just in sight,
blood of the Lamb, How glad I'll be to wel - come you,
blood of the Lamb, In robes of vic - t'ry through the skies,

CHORUS.

Washed in the blood of the Lamb. 'Tis a glo - rious church with-

out spot or wrin - kle, Washed in the blood of the Lamb, 'Tis a

glo-rious church with-out spot or wrinkle, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

No. 72. Yielded to God.

"Yield yourselves unto God, as those that are alive from the dead."—Rom. 6: 13.

J. M. K. JAS. M. KIRK.

1. I've yield-ed to God, and I'm saved ev-'ry hour; I've yield-ed to God, and I
2. I've entered the rest of the peo-ple of God, The ho - ly of ho-lies made
3. I've reckoned myself to be dead un - to sin, And risen with Christ, and now

feel His sweet pow'r; I've trust-ed His prom - is - es, not one has failed Of
pure by His blood; His law is with - in, I de - light in His will, I've
He lives with-in; "The life more a - bund-ant" He gives un - to me, This

CHORUS.

all His good word, tho' the temp - ter as - sailed.
learned how to wait up - on God and be still. Sweet. qui - et
o ver - flow life gives me full vic - to - ry.

yield - ed life, Bless - ed rest from all storm and strife; God's own

peace now fills my soul, As on Him my way I roll.

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No. 73. The Prophet's Call.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me"

THOS. H. NELSON. FANNIE BIRDSALL.

1. When the old proph-et - ic man - tle had up - on E - li - sha fell,
2. He at first would kiss his fa - ther, and his moth - er bid fare-well,
3. So he slew and boiled his ox - en on the splint-ers of his plow,
4. See him now—the swelling Jor - dan, in its on ward course is stayed,
5. If you'd have E - li-sha's pow - er, you must take the way he trod,

As he la - bored in the field be - hind the plow; And he
But E - li - jah said that road would lead to death; And
And made for all his poor - er friends a feast; Leav-ing
And the hard - ened piece of steel is made to swim; And the
Sell that thou hast and give it to the poor; Leave

felt that to the na - tions he the truth of God must tell,
when he saw his shrink-ing would send ma - ny souls to hell,
nought but bones and ash - es to be tempt - ed back to now,
spring of bit - ter wa - ter with a cruse of salt is healed,
not your treas - ures in this world to tempt you back from God,

He ap - peared to shrink the cross as men do now.
He said "No, I'll fol - low God till lat - est breath."
Ev - 'ry bridge is burned and God a - noints him priest.
And the wid - ow's pots with oil filled to the brim.
But lay them up on heav - en's last - ing shore.

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The Prophet's Call. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Pow'r to heal the lep - er, Pow'r to raise the dead,

Pow'r to fill the emp - ty pots with oil; Is

wait - ing for the work - er who in Je - sus' steps will tread,

And leave his life of ease for one of toil.

No. 74. Yield Not to Temptation.

1 Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin,
Each vict'ry will help you some other to win,
Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

Cho.—Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen and keep you,
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through,

2 Shun evil companions, bad language disdain,
God's name hold in rev'rence, nor take it in vain,
Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

3 To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown,
Through faith we shall conquer, though often cast down;
He who is our Saviour our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

No. 75. My Mother is Praying For Me.

A. N. "I will arise and go to my father."—Luke 15: 18.

MRS. FRIOLIN SLUESSY, Jr. Arr. by R. E. M.

1. A pray'r on the wings of an an - gel, Is borne to the portals of light,
2. I know I am weak and un - wor-thy, No mer - it of mine would I bring;
3. For long I have wandered un-heed-ing, The warnings so ten-der and true,

I feel in my heart the as - sur-ance That moth-er is pray-ing to - night.
The cross of my Lord is be - fore me, And there, tho' I per - ish, I'll cling.
The tears she has wept o'er my childhood, That fell on my cheeks like the dew.

My spir - it is wounded and brok-en, My sins with con-tri - tion I see,
Oh, yes I will go to my Sav-iour, His child from this moment I'll be,
And now while she kneels in her clos-et, When no one but Je - sus can see,

To Je - sus I'll go and confess them, While mother is pray-ing for me.
My faith shall look up and receive Him, While mother is pray-ing for me.
I'll ask for His lov - ing for-giv-'ness, While mother is pray-ing for me.

CHORUS.

My moth-er is pray - ing for me, My moth-er is pray-ing for me, To

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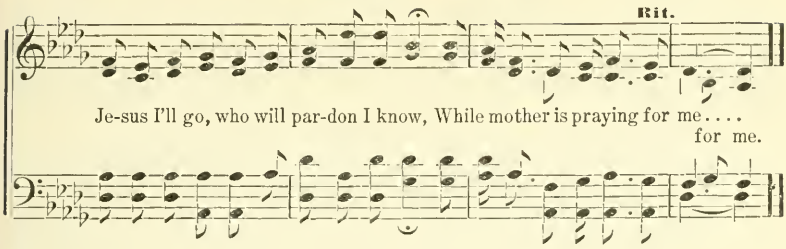
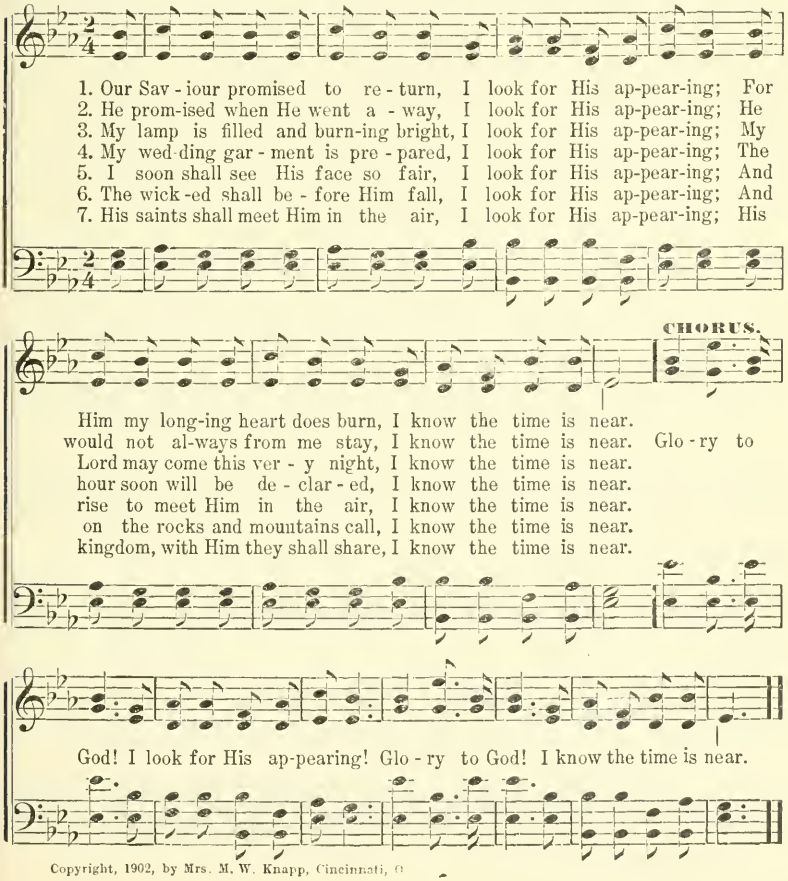
My Mother is Praying For Me. Concluded.



No. 76. I Look For His Appearing.

"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."—II. Tim. 4: 8.

M. W. KNAPP. Arranged.



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No. 77. The Same To-Day.

"He laid his hands on every one of them, and healed them."—Luke 4: 40.

M. W. KNAPP. Arranged.

1. When Is - ra - el in the wil - der-ness Did mur - mur and re - bel,
God raised a ser - pent on a pole, And healed them by the way;
2. When He - ze - ki - ah sick to death, Was told he could not live,
God list - ened to his pray'r of faith, And healed him right a - way,
3. When out to preach the liv - ing word The apos-tles forth were sent,
They might di - vine from heav'n a-bove, Thro' Je - sus did dis - play,
4. When John and Pe - ter, Spir - it-filled, Went to the place of pray'r;
They spake the heal - ing word to him, As help - less there he lay,
5. Then come to Je - sus, burdened ones, And test His heal - ing pow'r;
Yield all to Him, His prom-ise trust, And look from self a - way;

God's judgments then in fear - ful might Up - on the peo - ple fell.
And He who healed in E-dom's land, Will heal the same to - day.
He strong - ly plead - ed with the Lord, New lease of life to give.
And the God who heard and answered pray'r, Is just the same to - day.
Then heal - ing pow - er from the skies, To each of them was lent.
And the God who blessed and sent them out, Will heal the same to - day.
And as they neared the tem - ple gate, Be - held the lame man there.
And Christ who healed the lame man then, Will heal the same to - day.
He waits to save and cleanse and heal; He will this ver - y hour.
For He who healed in old en time, Will heal the same to - day.

CHORUS.

He heals the same to - day, He heals the same to - day;

The God who healed in old - en time, Will heal the same to - day.

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No. 78. Victorious Travelers.

B. S. BELLE STAPLES. Arr. by R. E. M.

1st Voice.

1. O trav-el-ers, where are you go-ing? You seem to be not of this land;
2. O trav-el-ers, what is your language? Its accents fall strange on our ears;
3. O trav-el-ers, what is your rai-ment? So strange it ap-pears to our sight;
4. O trav-el-ers, what is your di - et? You seem to be rich - ly sup plied;

You seem to be pil-grims and strangers, A hap - py, vic - to - ri-ous band.
It fills us with dread con-ster-na - tion, With longings, with doubts and with fears.
Our garments are sin-stained and dingy, While yours are so spotless and white.
You seem to be feed-ing on dain - ties, O will you the se-cret con - fide.

2d Voice.

O yes, we are seeking a cit - y, Be-fore us the prophets have trod,
We're speaking the language of Ca-naan, A fruit-ful and beau - ti - ful land,
We're clad in the robe of sal - va - tion, The garment of praise, too, we wear,
We're feasting on manna from heav-en, We're eat-ing the good of the land;

A cit-y whose walls are sal-va - tion, Whose builder and mak-er is God.
Which drinketh the wa-ter of heav - en, Its gardens and vineyards are grand.
We fol-low the fashions of heav - en, Our treasures and mansions are there.
We're drinking the wine of the kingdom, The best that our Lord can com-mand.

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No. 79. Our Lord's Return.

"Behold, I come quickly."—Rev. 22: 7.

JAS. M. KIRK.

1. I am watch-ing for the com-ing of the glad mil-len-nial day,
2. Je-sus' com-ing back will be the an-swer to earth's sorrowing cry,
3. Yes, the ran-somed of the Lord shall come to Zi-on then with joy,
4. Then the sin and sor-row, pain and death, of this dark world shall cease,

When our bless-ed Lord shall come and catch His walt-ing Bride a-way;
For the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the earth and sea and sky;
And in all His ho-ly moun-tain noth-ing hurts or shall de-stroy;
In a glo-rious reign with Je-sus of a thou-sand years of peace;

Oh, my heart is filled with rap-ture as I la-bor, watch, and pray,
God shall take a-way all sick-ness, and the suf-f'rer's tears will dry,
Per-fect peace shall reign in ev-'ry heart, and love with-out al-loy,
All the earth is groan-ing, cry-ing for that day of sweet re-lease,

CHORUS.

For our Lord is com-ing back to earth a-gain.
When our bless-ed Je-sus shall come back a-gain.
Aft-er Je-sus shall come back to earth a-gain.
For our Je-sus to come back to earth a-gain.
} Oh, our Lord is com-ing

back to earth a-gain, Yes, our Lord is coming back to earth a-
is com-ing back to earth a-gain, is com-ing

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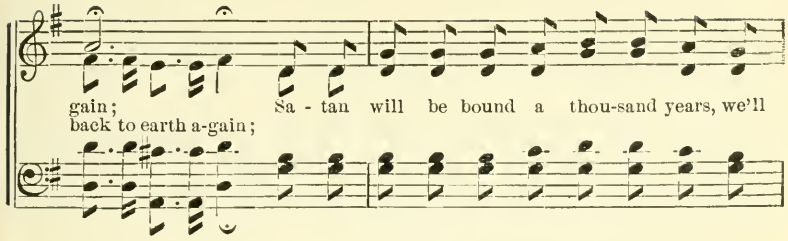
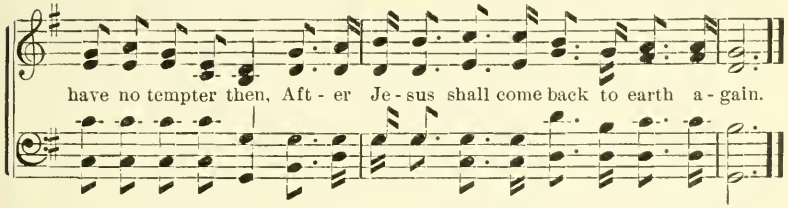
Our Lord's Return. Concluded.

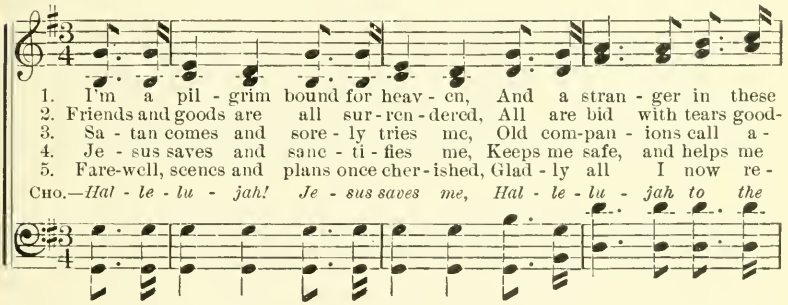


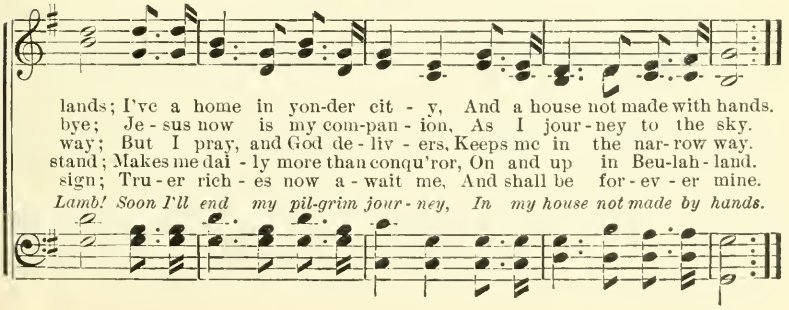


No. 79a Bound for Heaven.

"In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you."—John 14: 2.

M. W. K. ARR.





No. 80. When to Be a Daniel.

"Perfect love casteth out fear."—1 John 4: 18.

THOMAS H. NELSON. FLORA B. NELSON.

1. It is safe to be a Dan - iel, And to e - ven join his band,
2. Cow - ards are as brave as Dan - iel, When they've figured out the fact
3. Oh, it's nice to be a Dan - iel, When the world is all a-greed
4. We can all be lit - tle Dan - iels When the li - ons cease to roar,

When earth's princes bow be - fore him, And the king ex-tends his hand;
That his cause is grow-ing pop - u - lar, They're Dan - iels then for tact;
That the cause he's been es - pous - ing Is the ver - y thing they need;
And his cause, proclaimed tri-um - phant, Shall re - sound from shore to shore;

When de-crees are made for Dan - iel, And a - far his fame is told,
When they know there's perfect safe - ty In es-pous - ing Dan - iel's views,
When Da - ri - us gets re - lig - ion, And does Dan - iel's God a - dore,
When i - dol - a - try and wick - ed - ness Take his place in the den,

Who would not be a Dan - iel then, And wear a chain of gold?
What hosts of Medes and Per - sians then Would be bap-tized as Jews.
We'll have a host of Dan - iels then We nev - er had be - fore.
Each cra - ven Bab - y - lo - ni - an Would be a Dan - iel then.

CHORUS.

We may dodge the is - sue now, Till the tem-pest's rage is o'er,

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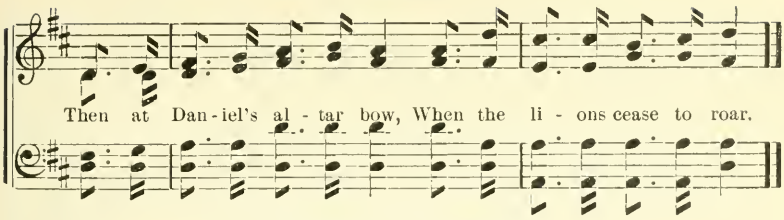
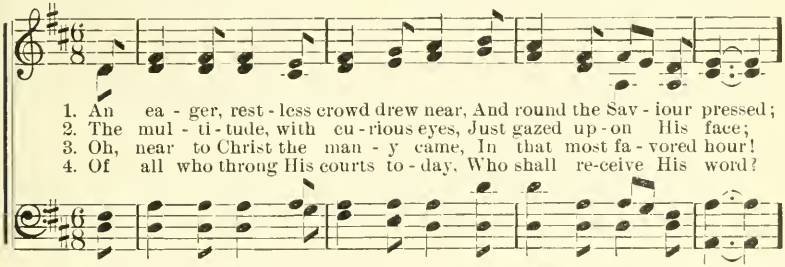
When to Be a Daniel. Concluded.

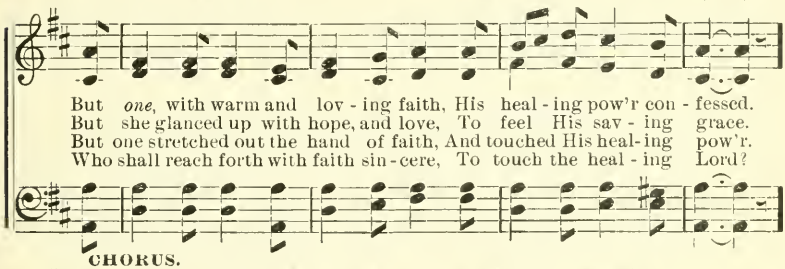


No. 81. The Healing Touch.

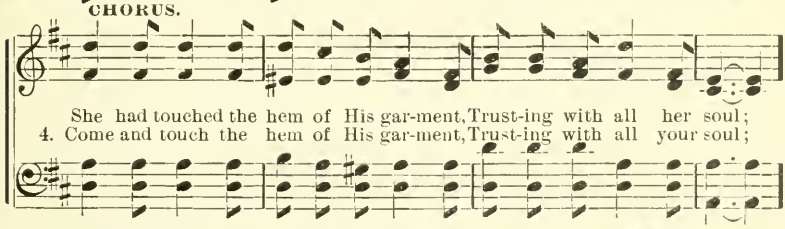
"When she heard of Jesus, came in the press behind, and touched his garment."—Mark 5: 27.

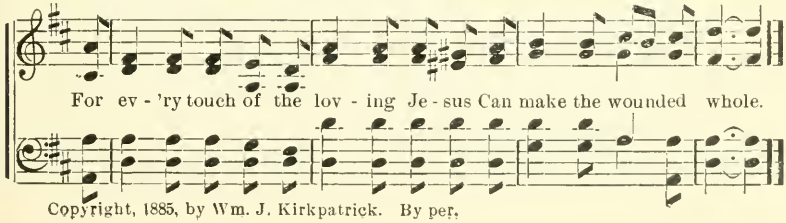
MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.





CHORUS.





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No. 82. Tarry.

"Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be clothed with power from on high."

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Tar - ry till the prom-ised pow-er Bathes the brow and fills the soul;
2. Tar - ry for the Lord hath promised, And His word He can - not break;
3. Tar - ry till your want and weakness, He transforms to fear - less might;
4. Tar - ry till the Spir - it fall - ing Brings you per - fect love and joy;
5. Tar - ry un - til firm and fear-less, You can al - ways bold - ly stand;

And the might - y com - ing bil-lows Of sal - va - tion o'er you roll.
Hast - en, and the liv - ing wat - ers, Free - ly, ful - ly, glad - ly take.
Un - til all your sin and darkness Shall give place to love and light.
Till the light-ning bolts from heav-en, Shall car - nal - i - ty de - stroy.
Wit - ness - ing a - gainst the e - vils, That are reign - ing in the land.

Tar - ry for our Lord commands it, And His word we must o - bey;
Tar - ry till the crim-son cur-rent, All de - file-ment cleans-es out;
Tar - ry till the Spir - it's ful-ness, All your be - ing shall en - due;
Tar - ry till with per-fect free-dom, You can speak and sing and pray;
Tar - ry un - til pow'r is giv - en, "More than con-quer-ors" to be,

Speed un - to the up - per chamber Fast, and wait and watch and pray.
And the peace and joy of heav-en, Makes you laugh and sing and shout.
Lin - ger till the floods of heav-en, Shall de-scend and com-pass you.
Un - til ev - 'ry car - nal tem-per, Is for - ev - er washed a - way.
Claim it for 'tis sure - ly promised, And just now a - wait - ing thee.

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CHORUS. **Tarry. Concluded.**

I am wait - - - - ing and be - liev - - - ing On the
I am wait - ing and be - liev - ing, and be - liev - ing

prom - - ise now, I am; Hal - le - lu - - - - jah,
On the prom - ise now, I am, now I am; Hal - le - lu - jah,

I'm re - ceiv - ing! Glo - ry, glo - - - - ry to the Lamb!
Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!

No. 83. My Saviour, 'Tis of Thee.

"Sing unto the Lord, for he hath done excellent things."—Isaiah 12: 5.

M. W. KNAPP.

1. My Sav-iour, 'tis of Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Of Thee I sing; To Him who
2. My precious Saviour, Thee, Clothed with all majesty For ev - er-more, Help us Thy
3. Let sacred songs arise, Filling both earth and skies, Singing Thy praise; Let angels
4. Soon Thou wilt come again, And on the earth shall reign O'er land and sea; Come, blessed

thus did die To save and sanctify, And take with Him on high, Let praises ring.
name to praise, As songs of joy we raise, In joy-al, lov-ing lays, And Thee a - dore.
join the choir, Sweep ev'ry heav'nly lyre, With lips and hearts of fire, Echo Thy praise.
Prince of Light, Come in Thy glory bright; Claim Thou Thy royal right; We welcome Thee.

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No. 84. The Hallelujah Side.

"Alleluia; salvation, and glory, and honor, and power, unto the Lord our God."—Rev. 19: 1.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Once a sin-ner far from Je-sus, I was per-ish-ing with cold, But the
2. Tho' the world may sweep around me with her daz-zle and her dreams, Yet I
3. Not for all earth's golden millions would I leave this precious place, Tho' the
4. Here the sun is al-ways shining, here the sky is always bright; 'Tis no
5. And up-on the streets of glo-ry, when we reach the oth-er shore, And have

blessed Saviour heard me when I cried; Then He threw His robe around me, and He
en-vy not her van-i-ties and pride, For my soul looks up to heaven, where the
tempter to persuade me oft has tried, For I'm safe in God's pa-vil-ion, hap-py
place for gloomy Christians to a-bide, For my soul is filled with music and my
safely crossed the Jordan's rolling tide, You will find me shouting "Glory" just out-

:S: *Fine.*

led me to His fold, And I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.
gold-en sunlight gleams, And I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.
in His love and grace, And I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.
heart with great de-light, And I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.
side my man-sion door, Where I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.

D. S.—win-dows of my soul, And I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.

CHORUS.

Oh, glo-ry be to Je-sus, let the hal-le-lu-jahs roll; Help me

D.S.

ring the Saviour's praises far and wide, For I've opened up tow'rd heaven all the

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No. 85. It Just Suits Me.

"O taste and see that the Lord is good."—Psalm 34: 8.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. What a won-der-ful sal-va-tion! For its length, and breadth, and height
2. Oh, this bless-ed "who-so-ev-er," Call-ing ev-'ry one who will,
3. Pre-cious prom-is-es of Je-sus, Sweeping ev-'ry hu-man need!
4. What a per-fect, pres-ent Sav-iour! What a true and lov-ing friend!

Far ex-cel the grandest knowledge Of the ser-a-phim in light;
To the sparkling, liv-ing wa-ters, Flow-ing ful-ly, free-ly still;
For the grace of our Re-deem-er Must our high-est tho't ex-ceed;
Can we ev-er praise Him right-ly? Tell how grace and glo-ry blend?

I can nev-er, nev-er fath-om Half its ho-ly mys-ter-y,
No, I know not why He loves me, But His blood is all my plea;
To the might-y, roy-al store-house Let me use the gold-en key;
Now the Prince of Peace is reign-ing, O-ver-rul-ing all I see;

CHORUS.

But I know it is for sin-ners, And it just suits me.
I can trust His "who-so-ev-er," For it just suits me.
Find the spe-cial, ten-der prom-ise That will just suit me.
So, what-ev-er lot he or-ders, May it just suit me.
} It just suits

me, It just suits me, This won-der-ful sal-va-tion, It just suits me.

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No. 86. Herald the Gospel.

"The time is shortened."—1 Cor. 7: 29.

M. W. KNAPP. F. L. POTTER. ARR. BY R. E. M.

1. Wan-der-ing from the Good Shepherd a-way, Per-ish-ing far from the fold,
2. Je-sus, to save them, from heaven came down; Suffered for them on the tree,
3. Speed with the Gospel, His mandate o-bey; Preach it to all of the world;
4. In - di-a's wait-ing the mes-sage to hear, Mes-sage of joy and of love;

Man - y the sheep that are dy - ing to - day, Dy - ing a-way in the cold.
Leaving His heav-en-ly mansion and crown; Wonderful! How could it be?
Her - ald it quick-ly, no long - er de - lay; Tell it to all of the world;
Af - ri-ca's wait-ing for Je - sus to cheer, Tidings from heaven a - bove;

Wandering out on the mountain so drear; Dying away from the Shepherd so dear;
Leav - ing His sceptor and cit - y of gold; Welcoming sorrow and torture untold:
Preach it, eternity's night draweth near; Preach it, for news of His coming we hear;
Isles of the o-cean are waiting for light; Japan and China are merging from night,

Long-ing, it may be, His sweet voice to hear; Dy - ing a-way from the fold.
All to bring wan-der-ers back to the fold; Dy - ing for you and for me.
Preach it, for soon our Lord King will appear; Preach it to all of the world.
Wait-ing to wel-come the heav-en - ly light, Coming from heaven a - bove.

CHORUS.

Per - ish - ing now, per - ish-ing now, Per - ish - ing far from the fold;

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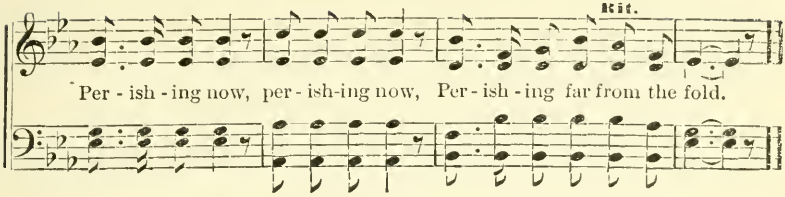
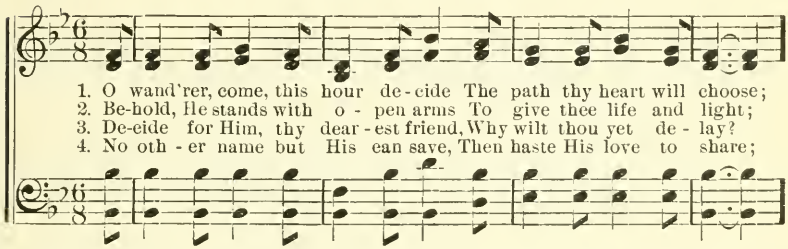


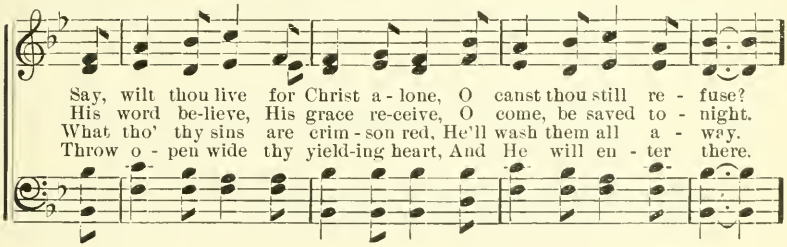
No. 87. Decide Now.

"So shall thy judgment be."—1 Kings 20: 40.

* * *

W. H. DOANE.





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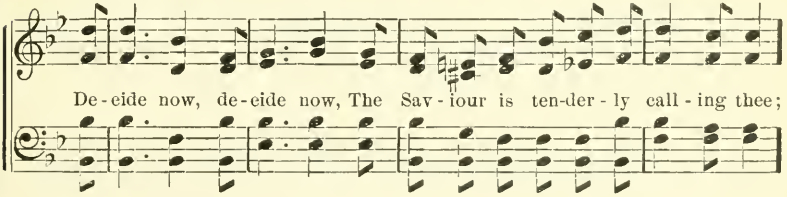

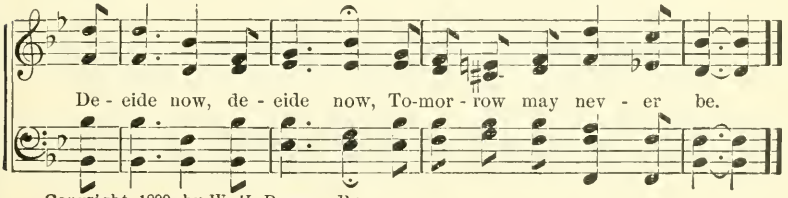

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No. 88. The Conqueror's Tread.

"More than conquerors through him that hath loved us."—Matt. 8: 39.

FLORENCE POTTER. R. E. McNEILL.

1. Oh, glo - ry to God! Halle - lu - jah to Je - sus! I'm liv - ing in Ca naan, the
2. I've peace like a riv - er, be-yond un-derstanding, My soul is o'er-flow-ing by
3. Let all praise the Lord, for His goodness and mercy, He's more to me now than the
4. I sing and I shout, and endeav-or to tell it, Rejoice when I think what He's

blood sanc - ti - fies, I'm shout - ing the vic-t'ry, while still pressing forward. And
day and by night, I nev - er be-fore could be-lieve for such vic-t'ry While
loved ones of yore; Sur-pris - ing me dai - ly with fresh gifts from heaven, His
done for my soul, I'm glad I can wit-ness, oh glo - ry to Je - sus! But

on - ward and up-ward, as time swift - ly flies, Temp-tations are ma - ny and
press-ing the bat - tle down here in the fight. The wa ters are wild and the
king - ly pro - vi - sion is mine more and more. The en - e - my roars and at-
noth - ing ex-press - es the rap-tures that roll. The righteous may "smite me," I

tri - als are plenty, But Je-sus is with me, I'm nev - er a-lone, The Com-fort-er
sea rough and stormy, The rocks often threaten my soul tempest tossed, The Spir - it of
tempts to destroy me, His plans newly laid are awaiting me each day, A pilgrim, a
deem it "a kindness," Rebukes I can bear, they "will not break my head," I've put on the

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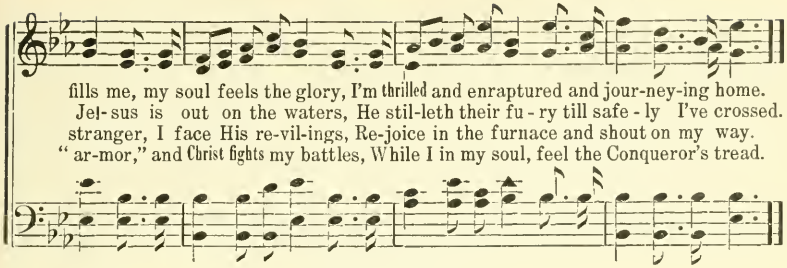
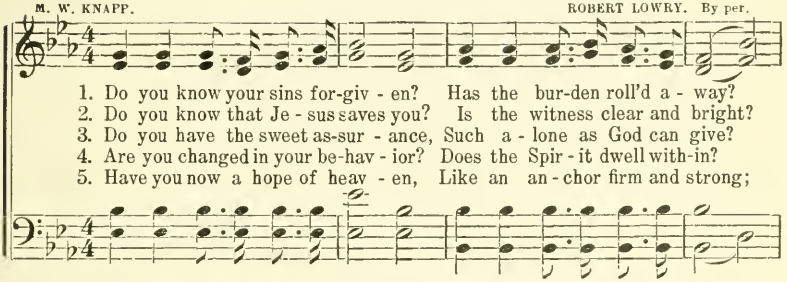


fills me, my soul feels the glory, I'm thrilled and enraptured and jour-ney-ing home.
Jel-sus is out on the waters, He stil-leth their fu-ry till safe-ly I've crossed.
stranger, I face His re-vil-ings, Re-joice in the furnace and shout on my way.
"ar-mor," and Christ fights my battles, While I in my soul, feel the Conqueror's tread.

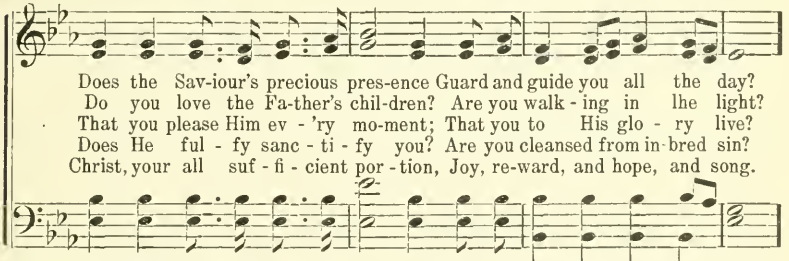
No. 89. "Knowing."

"He that believeth on the son of God, hath the witness in him."—I. John 5: 10.

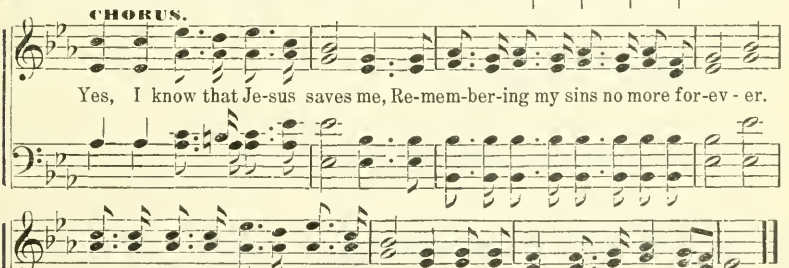
M. W. KNAPP. ROBERT LOWRY. By per.



1. Do you know your sins for-giv-en? Has the bur-den roll'd a-way?
2. Do you know that Je-sus saves you? Is the witness clear and bright?
3. Do you have the sweet as-sur-ance, Such a-lone as God can give?
4. Are you changed in your be-hav-ior? Does the Spir-it dwell with-in?
5. Have you now a hope of heav-en, Like an an-chor firm and strong;

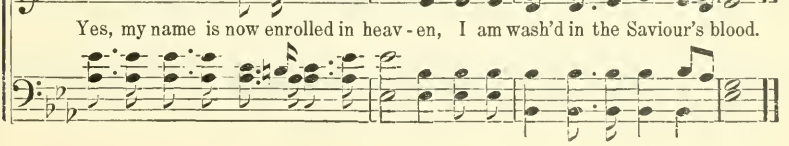


Does the Sav-iour's precious pres-ence Guard and guide you all the day?
Do you love the Fa-ther's chil-dren? Are you walk-ing in lhe light?
That you please Him ev-'ry mo-ment; That you to His glo-ry live?
Does He ful-fy sanc-ti-fy you? Are you cleansed from in-bred sin?
Christ, your all suf-fi-cient por-tion, Joy, re-ward, and hope, and song.



CHORUS.

Yes, I know that Je-sus saves me, Re-mem-ber-ing my sins no more for-ev-er.



Yes, my name is now enrolled in heav-en, I am wash'd in the Saviour's blood.

No. 90. Like a Mighty Sea.

"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst."—
REV. H. J. ZELLEY. John 4: 14. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. My soul to-day is thirst-ing for liv-ing streams di-vine, To
2. I see the clouds a-ris-ing, the mer-cy clouds of love, That
3. The show'rs of grace are fall-ing, the tide is roll-ing in; The
4. It's com-ing, yes, it's com-ing, it's com-ing down this hour, A

sweep from highest heav-en to this poor heart of mine; I stand up-on the
come to bring re-fresh-ing down from the throne a-bove, The ear-nest of the
flood-tide of sal-va-tion, with pow'r to cleanse from sin; It's surging thro' my
tor-rent of sal-va-tion in sav-ing, cleansing pow'r; I hear the bil-lows

prom-ise, in Je-sus' name I plead; O send the gra-cious eur-rent to
show-er just now to us is giv'n, And now we wait ex-pect-ing the
be-ing, and takes my sin a-way; It keeps me shout-ing, glo-ry! thro'
sing-ing, I see them mount and roll; Oh, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! they're

CHORUS by CLARENCE B. STROUSE.

sat-is-fy my need.
floods of grace from heav'n.
all the hap-py day.
sweep-ing thro' my soul.
} Like a might-y sea, like a might-y sea,

Comes the love of Je-sus sweeping o-ver me; The waves of glo-ry roll, the

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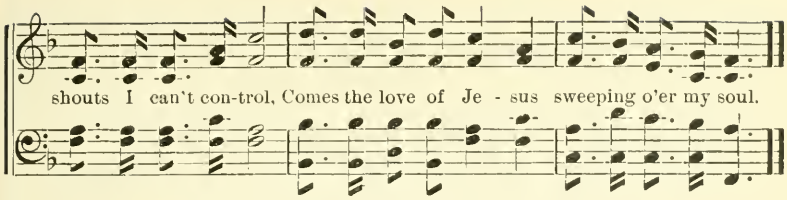
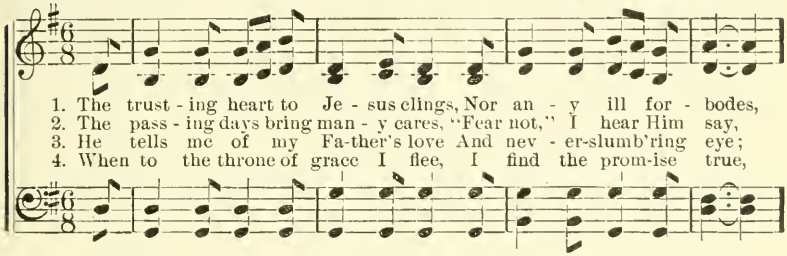
Like a Mighty Sea.

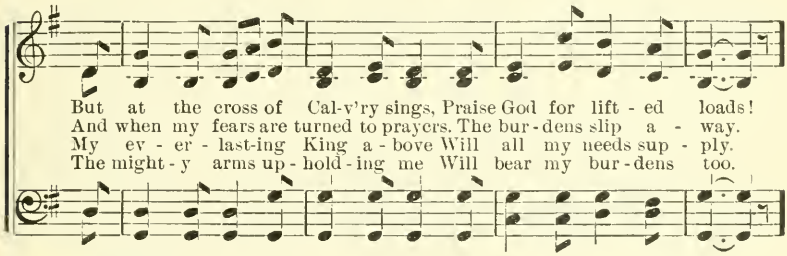


No. 91. Jesus Has Lifted the Load.

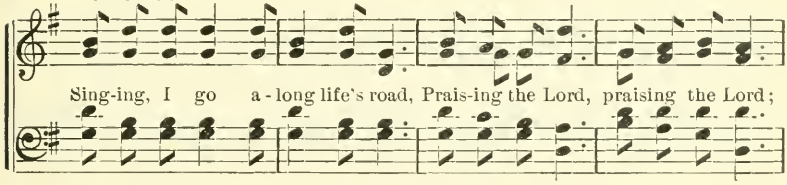
"Cast thy burden upon the Lord."—Psalm 55: 22.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.





CHORUS.



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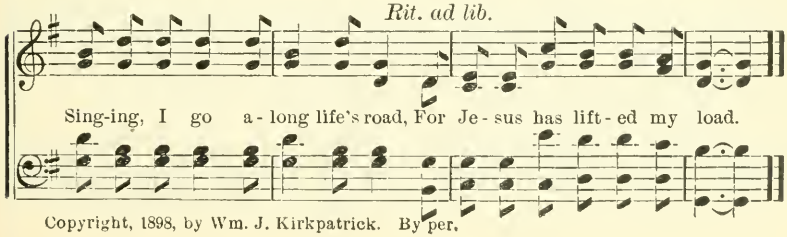

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No. 92. Reunion Song.

M. W. KNAPP. R. E. McNEILL.

1. All glo - ry, praise, and hon - or to the Lamb who once was slain! To
2. From cit - y and from coun-try we have gath-ered to this place, To
3. Temp-ta - tions have as-sailed us, and the dev - il pressed us sore, But
4. Ful - fill the Fa-ther's promise, pour the Spir - it from the sky. Con-
5. Thy gos - pel in its full-ness make Thy peo - ple all to know, With
6. And when at last the trump-et shall pro-claim Thy com - ing nigh, With

Him whose love and mercy now have bro't us here a - gain, Whose precious blood, a-
mag - ni - fy Thy goodness, power, love, and boundless grace. And tar - ry in the
Thou hast made us triumph, and Thou wilt for-ev - er-more; Thy grace has been suf-
vict, con-vert the sin-ner, heal, re-store, and sanc-ti - fy; The Spir-it's gifts and
love to God and oth-ers may our hearts and lives o'erflow, And man - y from this
lamps all trimmed and burning may we meet Thee in the sky, And meet with saints in

vail - ing, sanc - ti - fies from ev - 'ry stain; All glo - ry to the Lamb!
sun - shine of the pres - ence of Thy face— To Thee be all the praise!
fi - cient and Thy name we will a - dore; To Thee be all the praise!
gra - ces free - ly give us from on high; To Thee be all the praise!
al - tar to the dy - ing mil - lions go; All glo - ry to the Lamb!
glo - ry, where they nev - er say "Good-bye." A - men, "O quick-ly come!"

CHORUS.

Wor-ship, praise, and ad - o - ra - tion Be to Thee thro' all cre - a - tion,

For Thy full and free sal - va - tion, For - ev - er-more the same.

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No. 93. When the Bridegroom Comes.

"Then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven."—Matt. 24: 30.

E. R. LATTA. ALT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Will our lamps be filled and read - y, When the Bride-groom comes? And our
2. Shall we hear a wel-come sounding, When the Bride-groom comes? And a
3. Don't de - lay our prep - a - ra - tion Till the Bride-groom comes, Lest there
4 It may be a time of sor-row, When the Bride-groom comes; If our
5. Oh, there'll be a glo-rious meet-ing, When the Bride-groom comes! And a

lights be clear and steady, When the Bridegroom comes? In the night,.....that sol-emn
shout of joy resounding, When the Bridegroom comes? In the night,.....that sol-emn
be a sep - a - ra - tion, When the Bridegroom comes. In the night,.....that sol-emn
oil we hope to borrow, When the Bridegroom comes. In the night,.....that sol-emn
hal - le - lu - jah greeting. When the Bridegroom comes. In the night,.....that joy-ful

night (that sol-emn night), Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?
night (that sol-emn night). Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?
night (that sol emn night). Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?
night (that sol-emn night). Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?
night (that joy - ful night), With our lamps all burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes.

CHORUS.

0 be read-y! 0 be read-y! 0 be ready when the Bridegroom comes!
0 be read-y! 0 be read-y! 0 be ready when the (*Omit.*) Bridegroom comes!

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No. 94. The Judgment Day.

"It is appointed unto men once to die, and after this cometh judgment."—Heb. 9: 27.

M. W. KNAPP. R. E. McNEILL.

1. Have you heard of the ap-point-ment which we all must sure-ly meet,
2. Ev - 'ry eye shall then be-hold Him, see the Judge up-on His throne,
3. Ev - 'ry deed you have com-mit-ted will ap-pear be-fore the throne,
4. Oh, the sol-emn, trag-ic hor-rors of that aw-ful day of days,
5. Then the dread-ed, aw-ful sen-tence shall at last from Him be heard,

When the fi-nal court as-sem-bles, with the Judge up-on His seat?
And the wick-ed quail be-fore Him, all their guilt compelled to own;
All your in-ner, hid-den se-crets then shall cer-tain-ly be known;
When the earth shall be on fire, and the heav-ens all a-blaze;
With no hope of a re-vers-al; He can nev-er change His word;

You have cer-tain-ly been summoned, for the Bi-ble tells me so,
Once de-rid-ed, now ex-alt-ed, ev-'ry knee to Him shall bow,
All the courts of heav'n as-sem-bled, what a gath-'ring that will be!
When the wick-ed, in their fren-zy, on their knees shall wail-ing fall,
"Curs-ed souls, de-part for-ev-er! to the pun-ish-ment pre-pared,

:S: *Fine.*

And what-ev-er your en-gage-ments, you must to the judg-ment go.
Man-y slight-ed, Christ re-ject-ed, what a fear-ful har-vest now!
If you are not saved and read-y, what a dread-ful day for thee!
And up-on the rocks and mountains, all in vain for help shall call.
For the dev-il and his an-gels," aw-ful doom, for-ev-er shared.

D. S.—To their aw-ful doom e-ter-nal, on that great and aw-ful day.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Oh, what weep-ing and what wail-ing, as the wick-ed turn a-way

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No. 95. Oh, a Friend in Need.

"All things whatsoever ye pray and ask for, believe that ye have received them, and ye shall have them."—Mark 11: 24.

M. W. KNAPP. C. F. WEIGELE. ARR. BY R. E. M.

1. What a *good* Friend I have in Je - sus! All my sins He washed a-way;
2. What a *true* Friend I have in Je - sus, While I sleep and while I wake;
3. What a *rich* Friend I have in Je - sus! His the sil - ver and the gold
4. What a *near* Friend I have in Je - sus! He is al-ways by my side,
5. What a *strong* Friend I have in Je - sus! He up-holds me by His might;
6. What a *kind* Friend I have in Je - sus! All my sor-rows He does feel;
7. What a *wise* Friend I have in Je - sus! Might-y Coun-sel - lor di - vine,

Sanc - ti - fies me day by day; Hears and an - swers when I pray.
Me He nev - er will for-sake, Nor a pre-cious prom - ise break.
Which the u - ni - verse doth hold; All the rich - es, vast, un - told.
And He claims me as His bride; Oh, how swift the mo - ments glide!
Turns my dark-ness in - to light; Puts my en - e - mies to flight.
All my sick-ness - es will heal; Nev - er chides when I ap - peal.
Glo - ry, hon - or, all be Thine; All my will is lost in Thine.

CHORUS.

Oh, a Friend in need, and a Friend in - deed, Is the

Friend that I find in Je - sus! How His love in - spires, and His

Spir - it fires; Oh, I am so en - rap - tured with Je - sus!

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No. 96. Coming Home.

M. W. KNAPP. ARR. BY R. E. M.

1. My bur-dened heart was sad and sore; The things that charmed me, charmed no more: The
2. Tho' Sa-tan's hosts be-hind pur-sue, And threat-'ning seas a-head in view, Di-
3. Let friends for-sake, and foes de-ride, It on-ly helps me to de-cide, Tho'

pleasures that I once en-joyed Have left a sting,—my peace de-stroyed. I wan-dered
vine-ly led, I for-ward press, Till God my seek-ing soul shall bless. My Sav-iour
I have sinned in heav-en's sight, I'm com-ing home this ver-y night. I see my

ver-y far a-way; In E-gypt I'll no long-er stay, My Father's house has
speaks: "I all for-give, O look a-way to me and live!" I look, and all my
Fa-ther's welcome face; He par-dons all, O wondrous grace! My life of sin at

CHORUS.

and to spare; He of-fers still to me my share. Coming home, yes, coming home, To
sins confessed, De-part as far as East from West. *Chorus for last verse.*
last is o'er, I'm com-ing home, to roam no more. Home at last, yes, home at last; My

Father's house I'm coming home; Jesus calls, I'm coming home, To Father's house, no more to roam.
E-gypt life for-ev-er past; Jesus calls, and welcomes home, To Father's house, no more to roam.

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No. 97. The "Haven of Rest."

"For we which have believed do enter into rest."—Hebrews 4: 3.

H. L. GILMOUR. GEO. D. MOORE.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So bur-dened with sin, and dis - trest, Till I heard a sweet voice say-ing,
2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And, faith tak - ing hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old sto - ry so blest Of Je - sus, who'll save who-so -
4. How pre - cious the tho't that we all may re - cline, Like John, the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no
5. Oh, come to the Sav - iour, He pa - tient - ly waits To save by His pow - er di - vine; Come, an-chor your soul in the

:S:

D. S.—The tem-pest may sweep o'er the wild, storm - y deep, In .... Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

Fine.

"Make me your choice;" And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest."
an-chored my soul; The "Ha - ven of Rest" is my Lord.
ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest."
tem - pest can harm, Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
"Ha - ven of Rest," And say, "My Be - lov - ed is mine."

CHORUS.

D. S.

I've anchored my soul in the "Haven of Rest," I'll sail the wide seas no more;

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No. 100. Just One Touch.

"I am the Lord that healeth thee."—Exodus 15: 26.

BIRDIE BELL. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO. *Slow, with expression.*

1. Just one touch as He moves along, Pushed and pressed by the jostling throng;
2. Just one touch, and He makes me whole, Speaks sweet peace to my sin-sick soul;
3. Just one touch! and the work is done, I am saved by the bless-ed Son;
4. Just one touch! and He turns to me, Oh, the love in His eyes I see!
5. Just one touch! by His might-y pow'r, He can heal thee this ver - y hour;

Just one touch, and the weak was strong, Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.
At His feet all my bur-dens roll, Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.
I will sing while the a - ges run, Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.
I am His for He hears my plea, Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.
Thou canst hear tho' the tem-pest low'r, Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.

CHORUS.

Just one touch as He pass-es by, He will list to the faint-est cry;

Come and be saved while the Lord is nigh, Christ is the Heal-er divine (divine).

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No. 101. 'Tis Burning in My Soul.

"My servants shall sing for joy of heart."—Isaiah 65: 14.

DELIA T. WHITE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. God sent His might-y pow'r To this poor, sin-ful heart, To
2. Be-fore the cross I bow, Up-on the al-tar lay A
3. No good that I have done,— His prom-ise I em-brace; Ac-

keep me ev-'ry hour, And needful grace impart; And since His Spir-it came
will-ing off'ring now, My all from day to day; My Sav-iour paid the price,
cept-ed in the Son, He saves me by His grace; All glo-ry be to God!

To take supreme control, The love-en-kin-dled flame Is burning in my soul.
My name He sweetly calls; Up-on the sac-ri-fice The fire from heaven falls.
Let hal-le-lu-jahs roll; His love is shed a-broad, The fire is in my soul.

CHORUS.

'Tis burn-ing in my soul, 'Tis burning in my soul; The fire of heav'nly
Ho-ly Spir-it came, All glo-ry to His name! The fire of heav'nly

1 2

love Is burn-ing in my soul. The
love Is burn-ing [*Omit.* . . . . .] in my soul.
burn-ing in my soul. burn-ing in my soul.

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No. 102. Jesus, Thy Healer.

"Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases."—Psalm 103: 3.

TABOR. G. TABOR THOMPSON.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, has died on the tree, Bear-ing thy sick-ness, thus
2. In His a - tone-ment the work is com-plete, Sick-ness and sor - row are
3. Call for the eld-ers, they'll pray for thee now, A-noint thee with oil, while
4. Praise the Re-deem - er! I trust in His pow'r, His healing hand touched me,

mak - ing thee free: Oh! it is won - der - ful; how could it be?
un - der His feet; Fly to this ref - uge, for here thou wilt see
low - ly they bow; Prayer will be answered, 'twas an-swered for me;
and from this hour I go to thank Him for mak - ing me whole,

CHORUS.

Je - sus bro't heal-ing for thee.
Je - sus has heal-ing for thee.
Sick-ness and sor - row will flee.
Bod - y as well as my soul.
} Heal-ing for thee, heal-ing for thee;

In His a - tone-ment is heal - ing for thee; Oh! it is

won - der - ful; how could it be? Je - sus bro't heal - ing for thee.

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No. 103. There is Power in the Blood.

"In Christ Jesus ye that once were far off are made nigh in the blood of Christ."—Eph. 2: 13.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit - er, much whit - er than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vie - to - ry win?
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide,
pow'r in the blood; Sin - stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing?

CHORUS.

There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r, there is pow'r,

Wonder-working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb, There is in the blood of the Lamb,

pow'r, pow'r, there is pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r, in the precious blood of the Lamb.

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No. 104. My Spirit is Free.

"If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."—John 8: 36.

W. A. S. REV. W. A. SPENCER.

1. I fol - low the footsteps of Je - sus my Lord, His Spir - it doth lead me a - long; I walk in the pathway made plain by His word,
2. A lep - er He found me, pol - lut - ed by sin, From which He a - lone can set free; He spake in His mer-cy, "I will, be thou clean!"
3. A cap - tive in woe to my pris - on of night, The Mas - ter hath o - pened the door; Shout a - loud of de - liv-'rance, ye an - gels of light,
4. Proclaim it, 'tis done, full sal - va - tion is wrought For sin - ners from sor - row and woe; Sing a - loud of His grace who my par-don has bought,

REFRAIN.

And He fills all my soul with this song.
And He in - stant - ly pu - ri - fied me.
Praise His name, O my soul, ev - er - more.
"For His blood wash - es whit - er than snow."
} Glo - ry to God, my spir - it is free, Glo - ry to God, He pu - ri - fies me; I'm walking the thorn-path, but joy-ful I'll be While fol - low-ing Je - sus, my Lord.

Used by per. of Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, for Mrs. E. S. Spencer.

No. 105. Mission War Song.

"And this is the victory that hath overcome the world, even our faith."—I. John 5: 4.

Welsh Air.

1. { Christian, rouse thee! war is rag - ing, God with sin is bat - tle wag - ing,
Dare ye still lie fond - ly dream-ing, Wrapt in ease and world - ly schem-ing,

2. { Lord, we come, and from Thee nev-er, Self nor earth our hearts shall sev - er,
To a world of reb - els dy - ing, Heav - en, and hell, and God defy - ing,

3. { Hark! I hear the warriors shout-ing, Now the hosts of hell we're rout - ing,
See the foe be - fore us fall - ing, Sin - ners on the Sav - iour call - ing,

CHORUS.

Ev - 'ry ransom'd pow'r en-gag-ing, Break the tempter's spell. } Thro' the world re-
While the mul-ti-tudes are streaming, Downwards in - to hell. }
Thine en-tire - ly, Thine for-ev - er, We will fight and die. }
Ev- 'rywhere we'll still be cry- ing, "Will ye per - ish, why?" }
Courage! onward! nev-er doubting, We shall win the day. }
Throwing off the bondage gall-ing, Join our glad ar - ray. }

sounding, Let the gos - pel sounding, Sum - mon all at Je - sus' call, His

glo - rious cross sur-rounding, Sons of God, earth's trifles leaving, Be not faithless,

but be - liev-ing, To your conqu'ring Captain cleaving, Forward to the fight.

No. 106. Heal Me Now.

M. W. KNAPP. "Pray one for another that ye may be healed."—James 5: 16. Arranged.

1. O Lord, my God, I come to Thee, Heal me now, heal me now;
Ap - ply Thy heal - ing balm to me, Heal me now, heal me now.

2. Oh, is it not Thy ho - ly will, Heal me now, heal me now;
Just now Thy prom - ise to ful - fill? Heal me now, heal me now.

3. That I may to Thy glo - ry live, Heal me now, heal me now;
The "Faith for Heal - ing," Fa - ther, give, Heal me now, heal me now.

4. O Je - sus comes, I do be - lieve, Heal me now, heal me now;
His heal - ing touch I do re - ceive, Heals me now, heals me now,

As Thou com-mand - ed, now we pray, Oh take my sick - ness all a-
A- noint - ed "in Thy name" I call, As hum - bly at Thy feet I
From all, to Thee, I turn a - way, O Ho - ly Spir - it, here, to-
Oh help me mag - ni - fy His name, To - day and ev - er - more the

way, In Je - sus' name this ver - y day, Heal me now, heal me now.
fall, I ful - ly yield to Thee my all, Heal me now, heal me now.
day, Thy heal - ing pow'r in me dis - play, Heal me now, heal me now.
same, And faith - ful - ly His praise proclaim, Praise His name, praise His name.

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No. 107. Let Me Die.

1 O God, my heart doth long for Thee,
Let me die, let me die;
Now set my soul at liberty,
Let me die, let me die.
Die to the trifling things of earth,
Their now to me of little worth;
My Saviour calls, I'm going forth,
Let me die, let me die.

2 Thy slaying power in me display,
Let me die, let me die;
I must be dead from day to day,
Let me die, let me die.
Dead to the world and its applause,
To all the customs, fashions, laws,
Of those who hate the humbling cross,
Let me die, let me die.

3 Oh, I must die to scoffs and jeers,
Let me die, let me die;
I must be freed from slavish fears,
Let me die, let me die.
So dead that no desire shall rise
To pass for good, or great, or wise,
In any but my Saviour's eyes:
Let me die, let me die.

4 When I am dead, then, Lord, to Thee,
I shall live, I shall live;
My time, my strength, my all to Thee,
I will give, I will give.
Oh, may the Son now make me free!
Here, Lord, I give my all to Thee,
For time and for eternity
I will live, I will live.

No. 108. Chains Broken.

"He hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised."—Luke 4: 18.

English Melody.

1. 'Twas Je - sus, my Sav-iour, who died on the tree, To o - pen a
2. And when I was will - ing with all things to part, He gave me my
3. O slaves of vile hab - its there's vic-t'ry for you, Your lusts and your
4. Come, sin-ners, to Je - sus no long - er de - lay, A full; free sal-

CHO.—*For the Li - on of Ju - dah shall break ev-'ry chain, And give us the*

fount-ain for sin - ners like me. His blood is that fount-ain, which
Boun-ty, His love in my heart; So now I am joined with the
tem-pers the Lord will sub - due; Your sins He will bur - y, your
va - tion He of - fers to - day; A - rouse your dark spir - its, a-

vic-t'ry a - gain and a - gain, For the Li - on of Ju - dah shall

par - don be - stows, And cleans-es the foul-est wher - ev - er it flows.
con - quer - ing band, Who are marching to glo - ry at Je - sus command.
yokes He will break, Your pas-sions will car - ry, your foes He will take.
wake from your dream, And Je - sus will save you, O come un - to Him.

break ev -'ry chain, And give us the vic-t'ry a - gain and a - gain.

No. 109. Rock of Ages.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY. Alt.

1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 110. The Open Fountain.

"When I see the blood, I will pass over you."—Exodus 12: 13.

T. H. NELSON. FLORA B. NELSON.

1. I've found the o - pen fount - ain, The love of Christ is mine, I've
2. I'm dead to self for - ev - er, I'm hid with Christ in God; I've
3. Words can not tell the glo - ry, The free - dom from all care, I'm
4. I'm free from my sur round - ings, I'm liv - ing un - to God; With

learned the glorious se - cret, So sim - ple, yet di-vine; My car-nal works are
par-don, peace and cleansing, Thro' Christ's a-ton-ing blood; He heals and guides and
find - ing in my Sav-iour, Thro' this blest life of pray'r; Each tho't I yield - ed
sin - gle eye to Je - sus, I dwell in Christ the Lord; Peace past all un - der-

end - ed, By faith my soul is blest; I sing in joy for - er - er, I've
com-forts, And gives His life to me; In all my checkered fortunes, His
to Him, And ceased to choose my way; Then gloom was lost for - ev - er, In
standing's My por - tion ev - 'ry hour; The love of Christ, my Sav-iour, Does

CHORUS.

found God's perfect rest.
guiding hand I see. I have perfect peace and pardon thro' the blood,
His un-cloud-ed day. thro' the blood,
now my soul empow'r.

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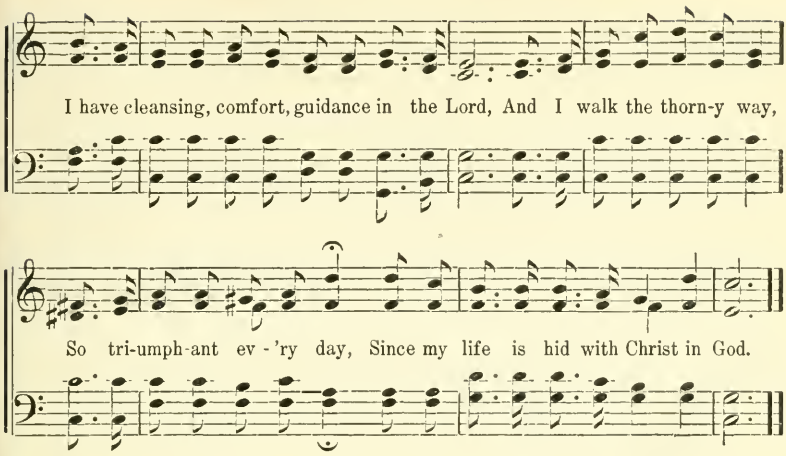
The Open Fountain. Concluded.



No. 111. Jesus, I My Cross.

HENRY F. LYTE. Chorus by M. W. K.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Poor, despised, by friends forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be;
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.

CHORUS.

Soon my Saviour, King, will call me,
To His mansions bright and fair,
Where no evil can befall me,
There His glory I shall share.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue,
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate and friends may shun me,
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee "Abba, Father;"
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

5 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by pray'r;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

No. 112. Judgment Hymn.

"Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee."—Luke 19: 22.

H. P. M.

1. The judg - ment day is com - ing, com - ing, com - ing,
2. I heard the trum - pet sound - ing, sound - ing, sound - ing,
3. I saw the Judge de - scend - ing, de-scend-ing, de - scend - ing,
4. I heard the wick - ed wail - ing, wail - ing, wail - ing,
5. I heard the right - eous shout - ing, shout - ing, shout - ing,

The judg - ment day is com - ing, O that great day!
I heard the trum - pet sound - ing, On that great day.
I saw the Judge de - scend - ing, On that great day.
I heard the wick - ed wail - ing, On that great day.
I heard the right - eous shout - ing, On that great day.

CHORUS.

First Chorus.
Let us take the wings of the morn-ing, And fly a - way to Je - sus;
Second Chorus.
For they took not the wings of the morning, Nor flew a - way to Je - sus;
Third Chorus.
For they took the wings of the morn-ing, And flew a - way to Je - sus;

Let us take the wings of the morn-ing, And sound the ju - bi - lee.
For they took not the wings of the morn-ing, Nor sang the ju - bi - lee.
For they took the wings of the morn-ing, And sang the ju - bi - lee.

No. 113. Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "He is faithful that hath promised."—Heb. 10: 23. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Bless-ed as - sur -ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
2. Per-fect sub-mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of rap - ture now
3. Per-fect sub-mis - sion, all is at rest I in my Sav - iour am

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur-chase of God,
burst on my sight, An - gels de - scend-ing, bring from a - bove,
hap - py and blest, Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove,

CHORUS.

Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood. This is my sto - ry,
Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love.
Fill'd with His good-ness, lost in His love.

this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long, This is my

sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav - iour all the day long.

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No. 114. Sweet Story.

"Feed my lambs."—John 21: 15. New Arrangement.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His
3. Yet still to His foot - stool in pray'r I may go, And
4. In that beau - ti - ful place He has gone to pre - pare, For

Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He call'd lit - tle chil - dren as
arms had been thrown a-round me, And that I might have seen His kind
ask for a share of His love; And if I thus ear - nest - ly seek
all that are washed and for - giv'n; And ma - ny dear chil - dren are

lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."
for Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.
gath - er - ing there, "For of such is the king - dom of heav'n."

No. 115. Cleansing Fountain. C. M. (Key C.)

1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stam'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

COWPER.

No. 116. The Mercy-Seat.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 Ah! whither could we flee for aid.
When tempted, desolate, dismayed;
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

HUGH STOWELL.

No. 117. Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us.

"He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom."—Is. 40: 11.

1. Sav-iour, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care;
2. We are Thine, do Thou be-friend us, Be the Guardian of our way;
3. Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin-ful though we be;
4. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fav - or, Ear - ly let us do Thy will;

In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare.
Keep Thy flock, from sin de-fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray.
Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse and pow'r to free.
Bless - ed Lord and on - ly Sav - iour, With Thy love our bos - oms fill.

Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are,
Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Hear young children when they pray,
Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Let us ear - ly turn to Thee,
Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast lov'd us, love us still,

Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Hear young children, when they pray.
Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Let us ear - ly turn to Thee.
Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast lov'd us, love us still.

No. 118. A Shelter. (Key of F.)

1 The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide,
A shelter in the time of storm;
Secure whatever ill betide,
A shelter in the time of storm.

CHO.—Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A weary land, a weary land,
Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A shelter in the time of storm.

2 A shade by day, defense by night,
A shelter in the time of storm;
No fears alarm, no foes affright,
A shelter in the time of storm.

3 The raging storms may round us beat,
A shelter in the time of storm;
We'll never leave our safe retreat,
A shelter in the time of storm.

4 Oh, Rock divine, oh, refuge dear,
A shelter in the time of storm;
Be Thou our helper ever near,
A shelter in the time of storm.

Words arr.

No. 119. The Living Word of God.

T. H. NELSON. FLORA B. NELSON.

1. I've found the prom-ised fount-ain filled with blood, (filled with blood,)
2. No long - er in the paths of sin I plod, (sin I plod,)
3. I've com - fort thro' the Shepherd's staff and rod, (staff and rod,)
4. Peace like a might - y o - cean, deep and broad, (deep and broad,)

I've plunged be - neath its cleans - ing, heal - ing flood, (heal - ing flood,)
But walk the way the Man of sor - rows trod, (sor - rows trod,)
I'm guard - ed by His might - y, flam - ing sword; (flam - ing sword,)
Now keeps me ev - 'ry mo - ment thro' the blood; (thro' the blood,)

f.

Now of the love I sing, Which did sal - va - tion bring;
My hopes are bright and clear, My soul's with - out a fear,
In bod - y, mind and soul, His pow'r has made me whole,
The Com - fort - er has come, And makes my heart His home,

D. S. *For ev - 'ry need I see, His grace a - vails for me,*

CHORUS.

I'm build - ing on the liv - ing word of God.

I'm build - ing on the liv - ing word of God.

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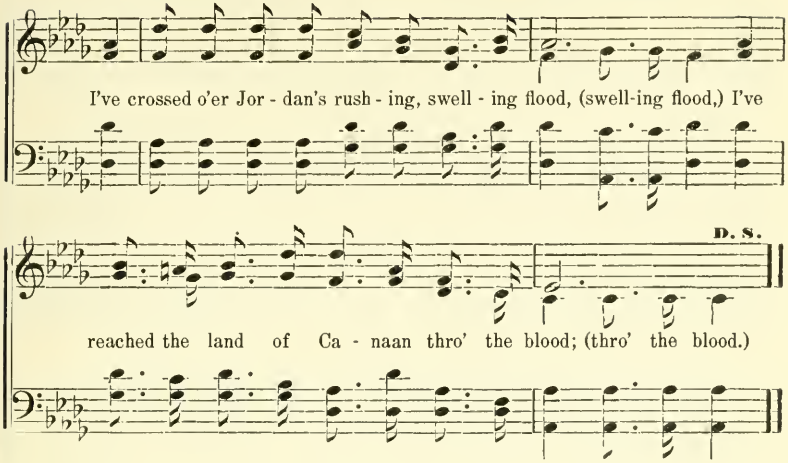
The Living Word of God. Concluded.



No. 120. Take Me As I Am.

1 Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry,
Unless Thou help me I must die;
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am!

REF.—Take me as I am,
Take me as I am,
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am.

2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt,
But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt,
But take me as I am!

3 I thirst, I long to know Thy love,
Thy full salvation I would prove;
But since to Thee I cannot move.
Oh, take me as I am!

4 If Thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew,
And work both in and by me, too,
But take me as I am!

5 And when at last the work is done,
The battle o'er, the victory won,
Still, still my cry shall be alone,
Oh, take me as I am!

No. 120a. I Believe Jesus Saves.

TUNE: Sweet Bye and Bye.

1 I am coming to Jesus for rest,
Rest, such as the purified know;
My soul is athirst to be blest,
To be washed and made whiter than snow.

CHO.—I believe Jesus saves,
And His blood washes whiter than snow,
I believe Jesus saves,
And His blood washes whiter than snow.

2 In coming, my soul I deplore,
My weakness and poverty show;
I long to be saved evermore,
To be washed and made whiter than snow.

3 To Jesus I give up my all,
Every treasure and idol I know;
For His fulness of blessing I call,
Till His blood washes whiter than snow.

4 I am trusting in Jesus alone,
Trusting now His salvation to know;
And His blood does so fully atone,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

5 My heart is in raptures of love,
Love, such as the ransomed ones know,
I am strengthened with might from above,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

REV. WM. MCDONALD.

No. 121. When His Salvation Bringing.

"Let the little ones come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—Luke 18: 16.

From "MOZART."

1. When His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came,
2. And since the Lord re - tain - eth His love for chil - dren still;
3. For should we fall pro - claim - ing Our great Re-deem - er's praise,

The chil - dren all stood sing - ing Ho - san - na to His name.
Tho' now as King He reign - eth On Zi - on's heav'n - ly hill;
The stones, our si - lence sham - ing, Might well Ho - san - na raise.

Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But as He rode a - long,
We'll flock a - round His ban - ner, Who sits up - on His throne,
But shall we on - ly ren - der The trib - ute of our words?

He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song.
And cry a - loud "Ho - san - na To Da - vid's roy - al Son."
No! while our hearts are ten - der They, too, shall be the Lord's.

No. 122. The Great Physician.

1 The great Physician now is here,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
O hear the voice of Jesus.

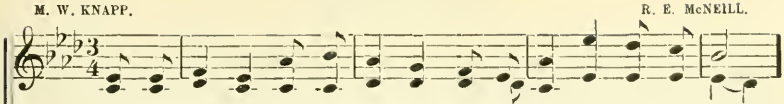
CHO.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

Your many sins are all forgiven,
O hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

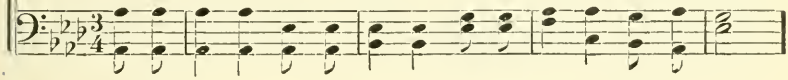
3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

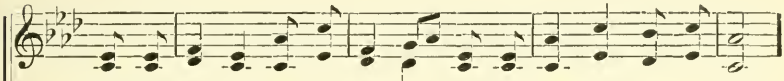
No. 123. Dedication.

M. W. KNAPP. R. E. McNEILL.

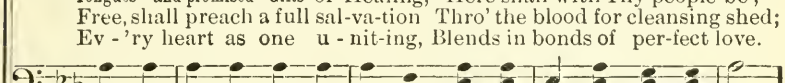


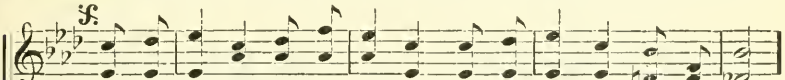
1. Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Spir - it Full of joy this hour we see,
2. We are glad beyond expression, That our eyes to - day be - hold,
3. Here the long ex-pect-ed Spir - it, In Thy peo-ple shall a - bide,
4. "Wisdom," "Faith" and heav'nly "Knowledge," Gospel "Pow'r" and "Prophecy,"
5. Here Thy ho-ly sons and daughters, As the proph-e - cy has said,
6. Names and creeds shall be forgotten, As the Spir - it from a - bove,



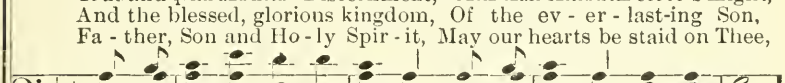


As we ded - i - cate this tem-ple, With thanksgiving un - to Thee.
Promised bil-lows of sal - va-tion, Which thro' all the land have rolled;
And Thy sons and waiting daughters Shall be ful - ly sanc - ti - fied;
"Tongues" and promised "Gifts of Healing," Here shall with Thy people be;
Free, shall preach a full sal-va-tion Thro' the blood for cleansing shed;
Ev - 'ry heart as one u - nit-ing, Blends in bonds of per-fect love.

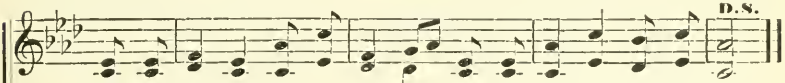




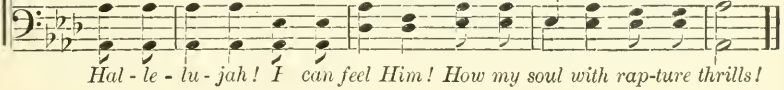
With our songs of ho - ly glad-ness Now this of - fer - ing we make,
And we feel the crimson cur-rent Of the pur - i - fy - ing blood,
Here the promised "Gifts" and "Graces" Which Thou waitest to im - part,
True and quick and keen "Discernment," Them shall shield from error's might,
And the blessed, glorious kingdom, Of the ev - er - last-ing Son,
Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Spir - it, May our hearts be staid on Thee,



D. S. *On our hearts the Spir - it fall - ing, All this place with glo - ry fills,*



Feel-ing that Thou dost ac-cept it, Gracious Lord, for Je-sus' sake.
Sweeping on in might-y pow-er, Cleansing thousands in its flood.
Shall with gladness be ac- cept-ed, And shall come to many a heart.
And Thy gracious keeping fullness, Fill with love and joy and light.
Here shall come in all its pow- er, And Thy heav'nly will be done.
Ours the blessing, Thine the glo-ry, Now and ev - er-more shall be.



Hal - le - lu - jah! I can feel Him! How my soul with rap-ture thrills!

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No. 124. Never Alone.

English. Arr. for this work.

1. { I've seen the lightning flash - ing, And heard the thunder roll—
   { I've heard the voice of Je - sus, Telling me still to fight on,
2. { The world's fierce winds are blowing Temp-ta-tions sharp and keen—
   { He stands to shield me from danger, When earth-ly friends are gone,
3. { When in af-flict - ion's val - ley I'm treading the road of care,
   { My feet en-tangl-ed with bri - ars Ready to cast me down,
4. { He died for me on the mountain—For me they pierced His side—
   { For me He's waiting in glo - ry, Seated up - on His throne,

1

I've felt sin's breakers dash-ing— Trying to conquer my soul—
He promised never to leave me,— [*Omit.* . . . . . .
I feel a peace in knowing—My Sav - iour stands be - tween.
He promised never to leave me, [*Omit.* . . . . . .
My Saviour helps me to car - ry My cross when heavy to bear,
My Saviour whispers His promise: "I [*Omit.* . . . . . .
For me He opened that fountain, The crim - son, cleans-ing tide,
He promised nev-er to leave me, [*Omit.* . . . . . .

2

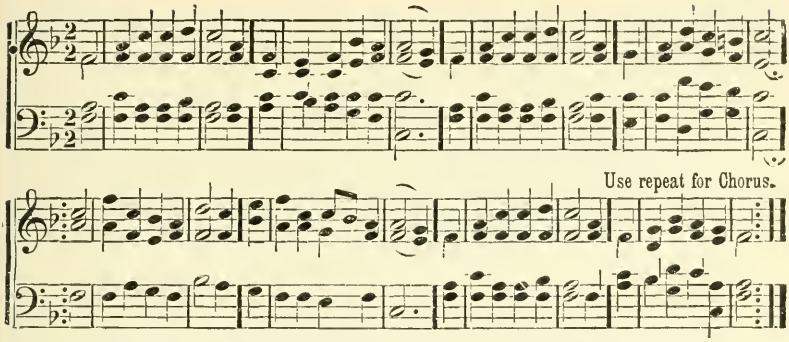
CHORUS

Nev-er to leave me a - lone.
Nev-er to leave me a - lone. No, never a - lone,— No nev-er a-
" Never will leave thee a-lone."
Nev-er to leave me a - lone.

lone, He promised never to leave me— Nev-er to leave me a-lone.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.
May be had in sheet form, duet, of E. S. Fogg, Covington, Ky. Price, 30 cents.

No. 125. Missionary Hymn. 7s & 6s D.



126. Foreign Missions.

1 From China's dark dominions
Unto Columbia free,
We've heard the cries of anguish
Which echo o'er the sea.
We've heard the royal summons
Of Jesus crucified,
To hasten to the rescue
Of those for whom he died.

CHORUS.

We're coming, yes, we're coming,
On wings of love we fly,
To bear the gospel message
Ere waiting millions die.

2 Our hearts with pain are bleeding
That we have been so slow,
To heed these pleading voices
And on our mission go.
Forgive us! oh, forgive us!
Ye nations far away,
Forgive us gracious Father!
In Jesus' name we pray.—CHO.

3 With songs of joy and gladness
Our offerings we give,
That all the heathen nations
May look to Christ and live.
Though deep the pain in parting,
Our children, too, may go,
And tell the thirsting millions
Where living waters flow.—CHO.

4 Then heathen nations bending
At Jesus' feet shall fall,
And join with saints and angels,
And crown Him Lord of all.
Till over earth triumphant
His ransomed Church shall reign,
When Jesus in His glory
With joy shall come again.—CHO.

Rev. M. W. Knapp.

127. Home Missions.

1 From California's vineyards
To Carolina's strand,
We hear the wail of anguish
That rises in our land.
From Maine to Mississippi,
We see the blight of sin,
And hear the groans of sorrow
Above our city's din.

CHORUS.

We'll heed the Saviour's summons,
On wings of love will fly,
And bear the gospel message
Ere at our door they die.

2 From Asia's dark dominions,
And Afric's burning sand,
Like mighty streams of water
They pour into our land.
From Europe's crowded cities,
They flow from year to year,
And bring their crimes and vices
And superstitions here.—CHO.

3 From many a haunt of evil,
From many a home of shame,
We must their souls deliver
From sin in Jesus name.
In many a street and alley,
They wander to and fro,
And swiftly down are sinking,
To realms of endless woe.—CHO.

4 Glad tidings of salvation
We thus shall speed along,
Till every place of sorrow
Becomes a place of song;
Till slaves of vice and folly
At Jesus' feet shall fall,
And claim His great salvation,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Rev. M. W. Knapp.

No. 128. Tell Them.

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Go and tell the joy-ful tidings, Je-sus died to save, Rose a-
2. Tell them of the promised Spirit Falling from a-bove, Fill-ing
3. Tell them of the final judgment, Where we must appear, That the
4. Shout aloud the gospel tidings, Speed them on the way, Earnest-

gain in ho-ly triumph, Conquering the grave. Tell His pow'r to
ev-'ry true be-liev-er, Per-fect-ing in love. Tell them of the
per-fect love of Je-sus, Now can ban-ish fear. Tell them of the
ly proclaim the message Ev-'ry passing day. Be a her-ald

loose the captive, Set the pris'ner free, And proclaim to ea-ger
King's returning, Soon He'll come a-gain And receive His faithful
doom e-ter-nal That the lost must share, Of the crown and palms of
true and loy-al, Wav-er not nor wait, Keep not back a sin-gle

CHORUS

millions Glorious Ju-bi-lee.
people, And for-ev-er reign. Tell the tidings, speed the message,
vict'ry, Each thro' Christ may bear.
warning, Soon 'twill be too late.

Jesus died to save, Rose again in mighty triumph, Conquering the grave.

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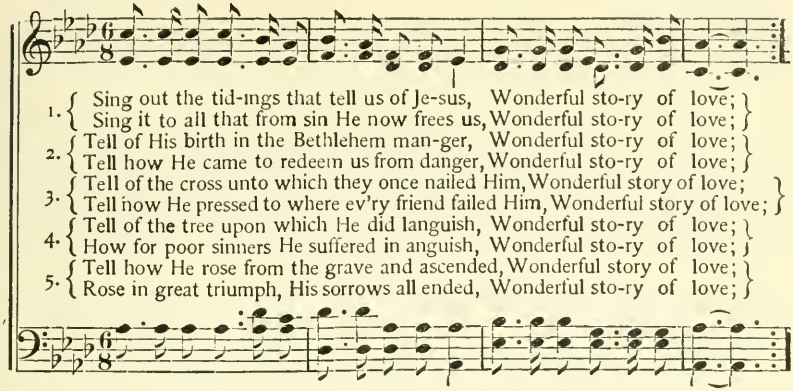
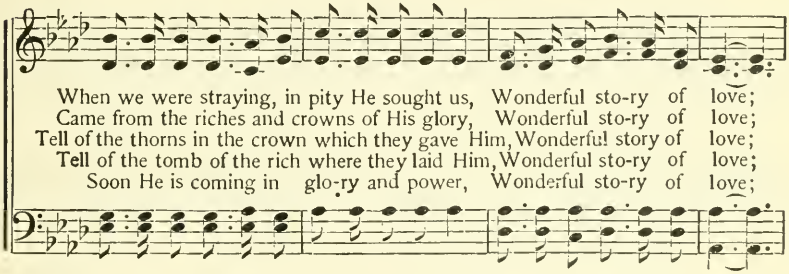
No. 129. Wonderful Story of Love.

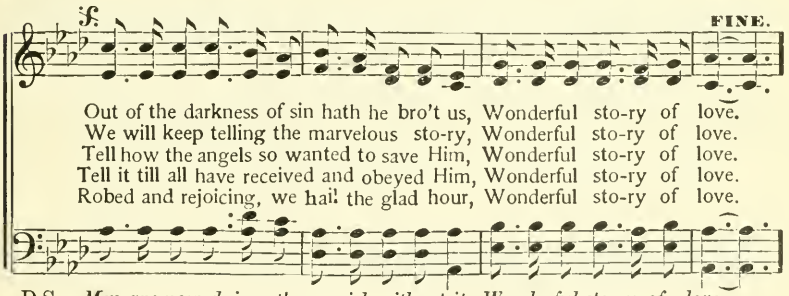
L. L. P. L. L. PICKETT.



1. { Sing out the tid-ings that tell us of Je-sus, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
   Sing it to all that from sin He now frees us, Wonderful sto-ry of love; }
2. { Tell of His birth in the Bethlehem man-ger, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
   Tell how He came to redeem us from danger, Wonderful sto-ry of love; }
3. { Tell of the cross unto which they once nailed Him, Wonderful story of love;
   Tell how He pressed to where ev'ry friend failed Him, Wonderful story of love; }
4. { Tell of the tree upon which He did languish, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
   How for poor sinners He suffered in anguish, Wonderful sto-ry of love; }
5. { Tell how He rose from the grave and ascended, Wonderful story of love;
   Rose in great triumph, His sorrows all ended, Wonderful sto-ry of love; }

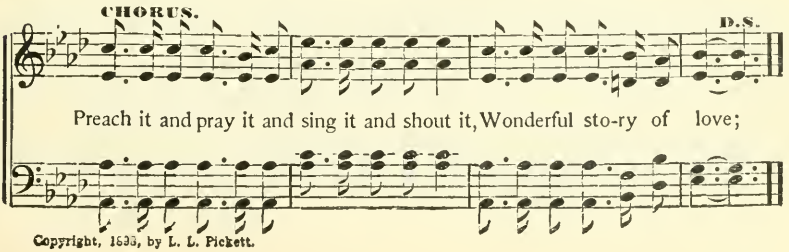


When we were straying, in pity He sought us, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
Came from the riches and crowns of His glory, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
Tell of the thorns in the crown which they gave Him, Wonderful story of love;
Tell of the tomb of the rich where they laid Him, Wonderful sto-ry of love;
Soon He is coming in glo-ry and power, Wonderful sto-ry of love;



Out of the darkness of sin hath he bro't us, Wonderful sto-ry of love.
We will keep telling the marvelous sto-ry, Wonderful sto-ry of love.
Tell how the angels so wanted to save Him, Wonderful sto-ry of love.
Tell it till all have received and obeyed Him, Wonderful sto-ry of love.
Robed and rejoicing, we hail the glad hour, Wonderful sto-ry of love.

D.S.—*Men are now dying, they perish without it, Wonderful sto-ry of love.*



Preach it and pray it and sing it and shout it, Wonderful sto-ry of love;

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No. 130. Since the Comforter Has Come.

J. M. K. JAS. M. KIRK.

1. I'm nev - er lone - ly an - y more, Since the Com-fort - er has come;
2. Oh, what have I to dread or fear, Since the Com-fort - er has come!
3. I'm liv - ing in a-bound-ing grace, Since the Com-fort - er has come;
4. Yes, I have grace and glo - ry here, Since the Com-fort - er has come;
5. I can do all things thro' His strength, Since the Com-fort - er has come;

My heart with joy is flow-ing o'er, Since the Com-fort - er has come.
The pow'r of pen - te - cost is here, Since the Com-fort - er has come.
I'm dwell-ing in "the se - cret place," Since the Com-fort - er has come.
And long for Christ to soon ap - pear, Since the Com-fort - er has come.
The vic - tor's crown I'll win at length, Since the Com-fort - er has come.

CHORUS.

Since the Com - - - fort - er has come,
Since the Com - fort-er has come, Since the Com-fort - er has come,

Slower.

Since the Com - fort - er has come, has come, Heaven has be-gun with me;

I am sat - is - fied and free, Since the Com - - - fort-
Since the Com - fort-er has come,

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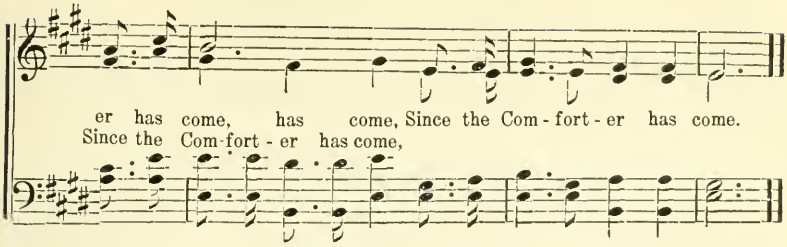
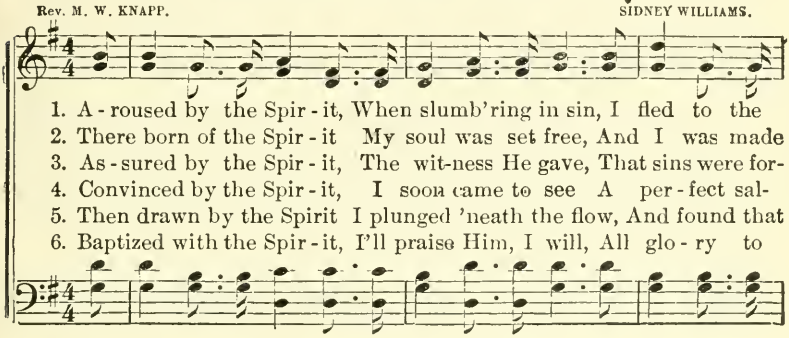
Since the Comforter Has Come. Concluded.

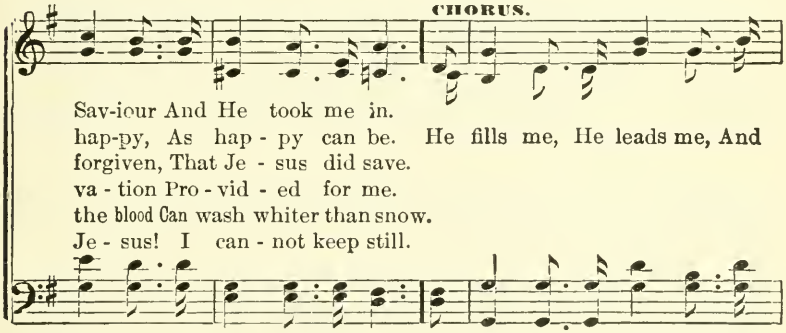


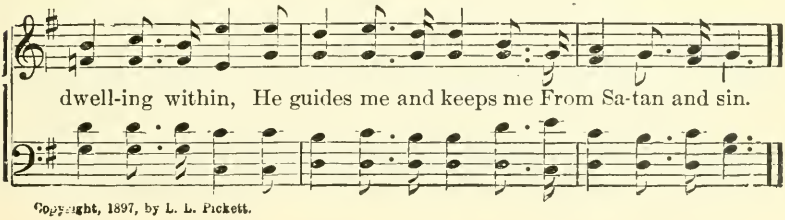
No. 131. The Spirit Received.

"For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.—Rom. 8: 14.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. SIDNEY WILLIAMS.







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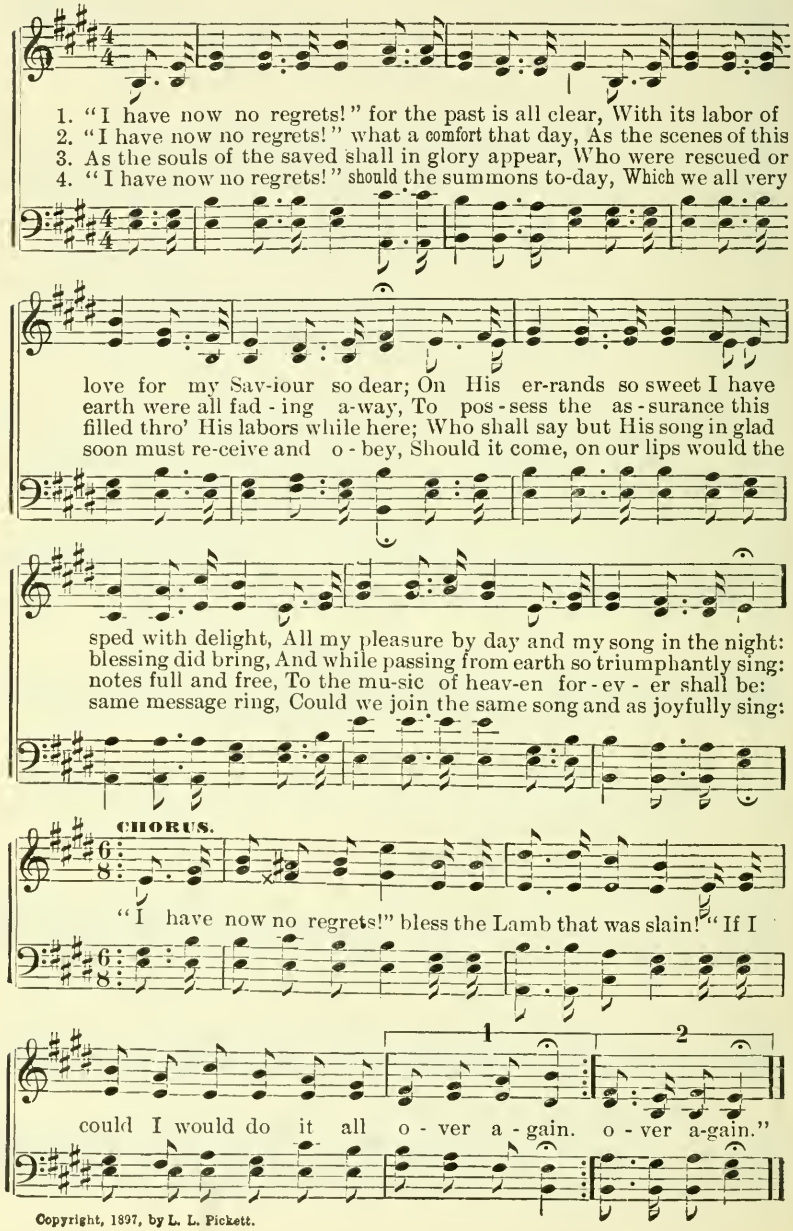
No. 132. I Have No Regrets.

Shortly before his translation Rev. S. A. Keen, the pastor evangelist and author said, "They think I have worked too hard; but I have now no regrets, and if I could I would do it all over again."

M. W. KNAPP. L. L. PICKETT.



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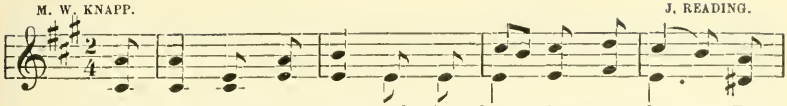
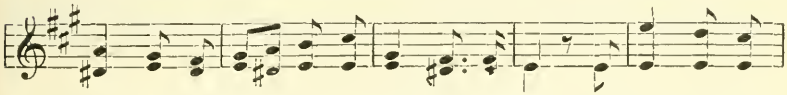
No. 133. Jesus, Our Physician.

"I am the Lord that healeth thee."—Exodus 15: 26.

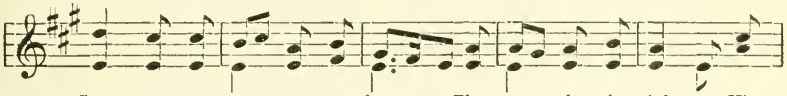
M. W. KNAPP. J. READING.



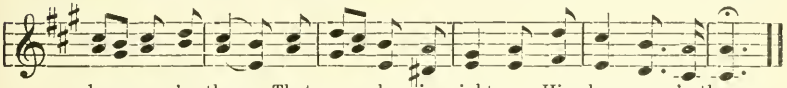
1. When sick - ness af - fects and its fierce fe - vers burn, To
2. So win - ning, so lov - ing; so ten - der and kind; To
3. Con - fess - ing and yield - ing I come to Thee now; For
4. He heals me! He heals me! the balm is ap - plied; He



Je - sus how pre - cious for com - fort to turn; How bless - ed when
wel - come the weak - est, to com - fort the blind; So skill - ful and
heal - ing and bless - ing be - fore thee I bow; The prom - ise by
thrills me; He fills me, tho' scof - fers de - ride; By faith in His



Sa - tan op - press - es to know, That one who is might - y His
pa - tient; so might - ty and wise; The Sav - iour of mor - tals, the
faith in my Sav - iour I claim, And trust Him to heal me, all
prom - ise I now am made whole, And waves of re - joic - ing, sweep



plans can o'er-throw, That one who is might - y His plans can o'erthrow.
King of the skies, The Sav - iour of mor-tals, the King of the skies.
praise to His name, And trust Him to heal me, all praise to His name.
o - ver my soul, And waves of re - joic - ing sweep o - ver my soul.

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No. 134. How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH.

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition—in sickness, in health;
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad; on the land on the sea—
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strengh ever be.

3 "Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom he borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,
I will not, I *will* not, desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake.
I'll never, *no, never*, NO, NEVER forake."

No. 135. Like the Snow.

J. W. WATSON. Arr. by M. W. KNAPP. F. L. POTTER. Arr. by R. E. McNEIL.

1. Once she was pure as the snow, but she fell, Fell like the snowflakes from
2. Once she was fair as the beau - ti - ful snow; Eyes like its crys-tals—a
3. Strange it should be that this beau-ti - ful snow Falls on a sin - ner with
4. Oh, there is One who is pur - er than snow, Stand-ing to-night by the

heav'n to hell; Fell to be tramped like the filth of the street; Fell to be
heart like its glow; Once she was loved for her in - no-cent grace, Flattered and
no-where to go! Strange 'twould not be when the night comes again, Snow and the
lost and the low, Knowing the anguish, the heart's deepest cry, See - ing their

scoffed, to be spit on and beat. Plead - ing, curs - ing, dreading to die,
sought for the charm of her face. Fa - ther, moth - er, sis - ters and all,
ice strike her des-per-ate brain, Faint - ing, freez - ing, dy - ing a - lone,
foot-falls wher-ev - er they go, Lov-ing-ly, pa-tient-ly call-ing "come home!"

Sell - ing her soul to who - ev - er may buy. Deal-ing in shame for a
God and her-self she has lost by her fall. Wick-ed - est wretch that goes
Hope-less she feels and so wea - ry her moan. Ne'er could be heard in the
List to His pleadings and nev-er-more roam; "Come," there's forgiveness, there's

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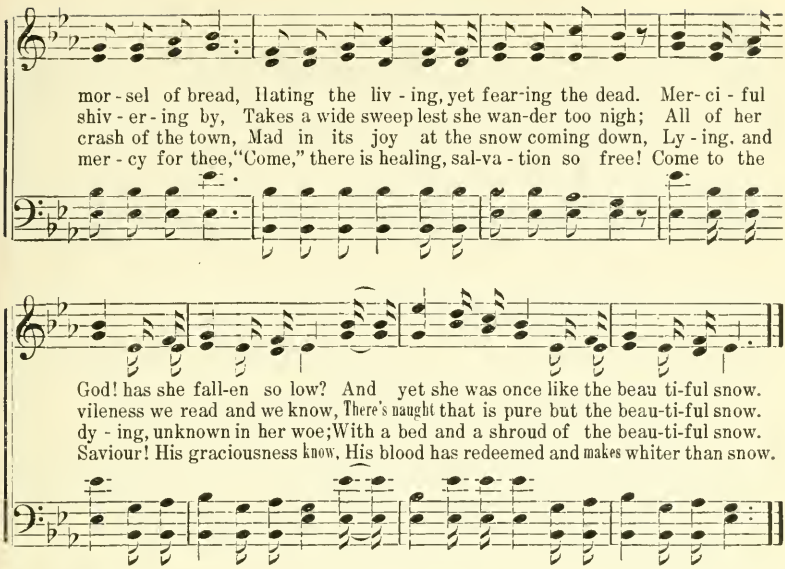
Like the Snow. Concluded.



No. 136. What a Friend.

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 137. Missionary Hymn. (Key F.)

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

No. 138. On the Glory Side.

"Old things are passed away: Behold, all things are become new."—II. Cor. 4:17.

D. W. M. Rev. D. WESLEY MYLAND.

1. If, while you live 'mid sin be - low, You would in Christ a - bide;
2. Oft-times life's sky is hung with shrouds, Which Je - sus' face would hide;
3. The ris - ing fogs of doubt and fear, The mists of hu - man pride
4. This age is dark, storm-clouds o'er cast The sky, my sun to hide;

Thro' faith this se - cret you should know: Live on the Glo - ry Side.
Then push your head a - bove the clouds, Get on the Glo - ry Side.
Would oft ob-scure, when Christ is near; I need the Glo - ry Side.
I climb the heights of hope at last, And reach the Glo - ry Side.

CHORUS.

I'm on..... the Glo - ry Side,.... With Christ once cru - ci - fied,
I'm liv-ing on the Glo - ry, Glo - ry Side,

By faith I rise 'bove cloudy skies: I'm on.... the Glo - ry Side.
o - ver on the Glo - ry, Glo - ry Side.

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139. Christ Is Coming.

JOHN R. MACDUFF.

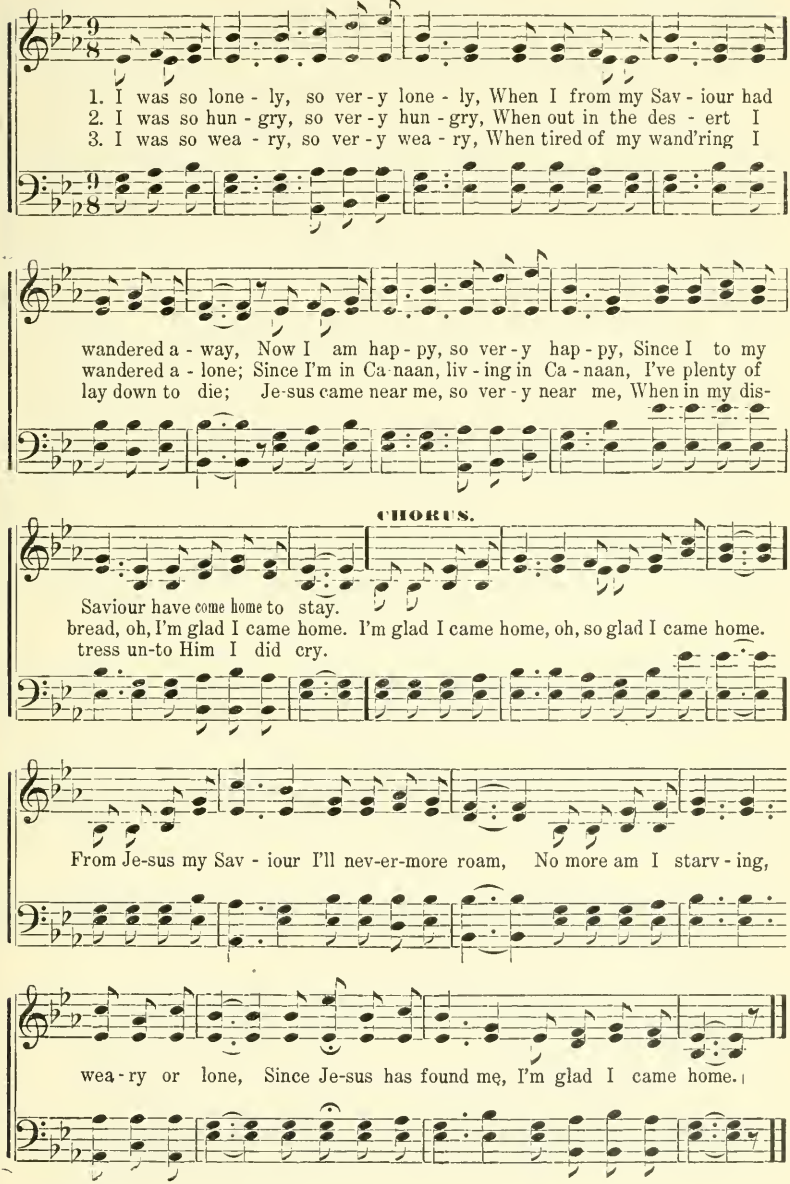
1 Christ is coming! let creation
Bid her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase;
Christ is coming!
Come, thou blessed Prince of Peace!

2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of Thy bitter cross and pain;
She shall yet behold Thy glory
When Thou comest back to reign;
Christ is coming!
Let each heart repeat the strain.

No. 140. I'm Glad I Came Home.

"I will give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, and no one shall snatch them out of my hand."—John 10: 28.

C. F. W. CHAS. F. WEIGELE.



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No. 141. God's Anvil.

"Fear none of these things which thou shalt suffer."—Rev. 2: 10.

Words from the German. Music by QUISQUAM.

1. Pains furnace-heat within me quiv-ers, God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
2. He comes and lays my heart all heat-ed, On His hard an - vil, mind - ed so;
3. He takes my soften'd heart and beats it; The sparks fly off at ev - 'ry blow;
4. He kin - dles for my prof - it, pure-ly, Af - fliction's glowing, fi - ery brand;
5. I will not mur-mur at the sor - row That on - ly lon - ger-liv'd would be;

And all my heart in an - guish shiv-ers, And trem-bles at the fi - ery glow.
Yet in His own fair form to beat it With His great hammer, blow by blow.
He turns it o'er and o'er and heats it, And let's it cool, and makes it glow.
For all His heaviest blows are sure-ly In - flict - ed by a Mast - ter hand.
The end may come, and that to-mor-row, When God hath wrought His will in me.

CHORUS.

And yet I whis-per, "As God will," And in His hot-test fire hold still.

And yet I whis-per, "As God will," And in His hot-test fire hold still.

Copyright 1885, by McDonald & Gill. By per.

No. 142. I Am Coming to the Cross. (Key G.)

1 I am coming to the cross,
I am poor and weak and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

Cho.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee;
Blessed Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at the cross I bow;
Jesus saves me—saves me now.

2 In the promises I trust,
In the cleansing blood confide;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

3 Jesus comes, He fills my soul,
Perfected in Him I am,
I am every whit made whole,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!—

W. McDonald.

No. 143. Launch Out.

"Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God."—Rom. 8: 39.

A. B. SIMPSON, R. KELSO CARTER

1. The mer - cy of God is an a - cean di - vine, A
2. But ma - ny, a - las! on - ly stand on the shore, And
3. And oth - ers just ven - ture a - way from the land, And
4. Oh, let us launch out on this o - cean so broad, Where the

bound - less and fath - om - less flood; Launch out in the deep, cut a-
gaze on the o - cean so wide; They nev - er have ven - tured its
lin - ger so near to the shore, That the surf and the slime that beat-
floods of sal - va - tion o'er - flow; Oh, let us be lost in the

way the shore-line, And be lost in the full - ness of God.
depths to ex - plore, Or to launch on the fath - om - less tide.
o - ver the strand, Dash o'er them in floods ev - er - more.
mer - cy of God, Till the depths of His full - ness we know.

CHORUS.

Launch out..... in - to the deep, Oh, let the shore-line
Oh, launch out in the deep,

go; Launch out, launch out in the o - cean di - vine, Out where the full tides flow.

Copyright, 1891, by A. B. Simpson and R. K. Carter. By per.

No. 144. I Know God's Promise is True.

"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."—Matt. 24: 35.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. For God so loved this sin - ful world, His Son he free - ly gave,
2. I was a way-ward, wan-d'ring child, A slave to sin and fear,
3. The "who - so - ev - er" of the Lord, I trust - ed was for me;
4. E - ter - nal life be - gun be - low Now fills my heart and soul;

That who - so - ev - er would be - lieve, E - ter - nal life should have.
Un - til this bless - ed prom - ise fell Like mu - sic on my ear.
I took Him at His gra-cious word, From sin He set me free.
I'll sing His praise for - ev - er - more, Who has redeemed my soul.

CHORUS.

'Tis true, O yes, 'tis true,..... God's won - der - ful
the prom - ise is true,

prom - ise is true,..... For I've trust - ed, and test - ed, and
'tis true,

tried it, And I know God's prom - ise is true.....
'tis true.

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No. 145. Walking in the Light.

"If we walk in the light."—I. John 1.

Arr. R. E. M.

1. I am walking in the light And my path is shining bright, Where there is no
2. I have glo - ry for a prize And a crown beyond the skies When from earth we
3. I have an - gel food to eat And no hon - ey is so sweet, It is most de-
4. I have garments wrought with gold And their val - ue is un-told, They have neither

more of night I now dwell, This vain world I bid adieu, And its pleasures fade from
shall arise, Pure and white, I shall then with Jesus reign, And e - ter-nal hon- or
li-cious meat To the soul, On His promise I a - bide And my soul is sat - is-
moth or mould, Bless the Lord, I have jew-els rich and rare, And a mansion bright and

CHORUS.

view, All things now to me are new, All is well.
gain, And be pure from ev'ry stain In His sight. Je-sus saves day by day, Sweetly
fied, For I feel the crimson tide O'er me roll.
fair, For His will is written there, In His word.

keeps all the way. All my burdens He bears, Ev -'ry care; Soon I'll lay my ar - mor

down And at Je - sus' feet sit down And re-ceive a star-ry crown O - ver there.

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No. 146. Reckon.

"Reckon ye also yourselves to be dead unto sin, but alive unto God."—Rom. 6: 11.

A. B. S. A. B. SIMPSON.

1. There's a lit - tle word that the Lord has giv'n For our help in the hour of
2. There's anoth - er word that the Lord has giv'n, In the ver - y same verse we
3. While we trust in feel - ing or in-ward frames, We shall al-ways be tossed a
4. As the mar - i - ner, when the skies are dim, Sails on by his com - pass
5. Oh how sweet it is to be an - chored fast To a hope that can nev - er
6. You may claim the promise from ev - 'ry pain, You may know His pow - er to

need,—Let us reck-on our-selves to be dead to sin, To be dead and
read,—Let us reck-on our-selves as a - live in Him, As a - live and a-
bout, Let us an-chor fast to the Word of God, And reck - on a-
true; So our faith would cling to the prom - ise firm, And reck - on the
fail; Let us reck-on on with a firm - er trust, Till we an - chor with-
heal; But your faith must rest in His word a - lone, And reck - on rath-

CHORUS.

dead in-deed.
live in-deed. Let us reckon, reckon, reck-on, Let us reck-on rath-er than
way our doubt.
journey through.
in the vale.
er than feel.

feel; Let us be true to the reck-'ning, And He will make it real.

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No. 147. Promise of the Father.

"And, behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you."—Luke 24: 49.

M. W. KNAPP. Arr. by R. E. M.

Not too fast.

1. Precious prom-ise of the Fa-ther To His chil-dren, one and all
2. Precious prom-ise, long a-wait-ed, Sealed with Je-sus' crim-son blood,
3. Fa-ther, wilt Thou not this prom-ise In each long-ing heart ful-fill
4. Christian, do you claim this prom-ise Which the world can-not re-ceive?

D. C.—*Fa-ther, now ful-fill the prom-ise, I be-lieve and Thine I am;*

Fine.

That the gra-cious Ho-ly Spir-it, Should up-on be-liev-ers fall;
Which from Cal-v'ry's Sac-red Fount-ain, Flowed a pu-ri-fy-ing flood;
That we all with ho-ly glad-ness May de-light to do Thy will;
Ful-ly yield up all to Je-sus, And with all your heart be-lieve;

Hal-le-lu-jah! fire is fall-ing, Glo-ry! glo-ry! to the Lamb.

That the Pen-te-cos-tal fi-re, Burn-ing bright-ly in each breast,
Ho-ly Spir-it on us fall-ing, Thee we wel-come and a-dore,
May the Spir-it in His ful-ness Ev-er in our hearts a-bide,
Then the might-y heav'n-ly cur-rent Will de-scend up-on your soul,

D. C.

Melt-ing all in sweet sub-mis-sion, Should impart a-bid-ing rest.
Thine the glo-ry, ours the blessing, Now, henceforth, and ev-er-more.
Com-fort-er, and Faithful Teacher, Sanc-ti-fi-er, Friend and Guide.
Waves of rapt-ure, bliss and glo-ry, O'er your peace-ful Spir-it roll.

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No. 148. The Shelf Behind the Door.

REV S. K. WHEATLAKE.

E. L. BOWYER,
Arr. by D. W. MYLAND.

1. I came to Je - sus long a - go all lad - en down with sin,
2. I tore it down and threw it out and then the bless - ing came;
3. So ma - ny peo - ple of to - day are des - ti - tute of power;
4. Some smoke and chew to - bac - co, and some love their fan - cy dress;
5. That lit - tle shelf be - hind the door will cause you much dis - tress;

I sought Him long for pard'ning grace He would not take me in.
But e'er I got the vic - to - ry and felt the ho - ly flame.
'Tis plain to see they can - not stand temp-ta-tion's try - ing hour.
Oth - ers have wronged their fel-low-men, re - fus - ing to con - fess.
Es - pe - cial - ly a - bout the time you think of be - ing blest.

At last I found the rea - son why as light came more and more;
Be - el - ze - bub came rush - ing up and said with aw - ful roar,
By way of an a - pol - o - gy "my weak-ness is their cry;
They won - der why they are not blest as in the days of yore;
While pleading for the vic - to - ry be - fore the Lord in prayer,

I had a shelf with i - dols on just in be - hind the door.
"You can - not live with - out a shelf right here be - hind the door.
'Tis all be-cause of i - dols that they are using on the sly.
The rea - son why is on the shelf just in be - hind the door.
How ma - ny times you think a - bout the i - dols hid - den there.

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The Shelf Behind the Door. Concluded.

CHORUS.

That shelf be - hind the door— don't use it an - y more;

But quick - ly clean that cor - ner out from ceil - ing to the floor;

For Je - sus wants His tem - ple clean, He can - not bless you more,

Un - less you take those i - dols out from in be - hind the door.

6 Your soul is dark, you surely know you have no peace with God;
You daily tremble lest you feel the chastening of His rod.
The blessed Holy Spirit puts this question o'er and o'er;
What are you going to do about this shelf behind the door?

7 You need not go to foreign lands to find a household God,
To look upon idolatry you need not go a rod,
But in this land where gospel light is shining all around,
If you should look behind the door an idol could be found.

8 Some hypocrites may look like saints—from men their idols hide;
But what about the judgment day beyond death's fearful tide?
That hidden spot behind the door will be a public place
Where God and men and angels, too, shall every idol trace.

No. 149. Nearer the Celestial City.*

"And the city had no need of the sun to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it."—Rev. 21: 23.

FANNY J. CROSBY. R. E. McNEILL.

Slow, and with great expression.

1. I am near - er, draw-ing near - er, Soon I'll an-chor on the shore,
2. I am near - er, draw-ing near - er, To the pear - ly gates of light,
3. I am near - er, draw-ing near - er, To the gold-en fields of rest,
4. I am near - er, draw-ing near - er, And the time will not be long,

Where the waves of joy are break-ing, And the shadows come no more.
Where my jour - ney will be end - ed, And my faith be lost in sight.
To the arms of my Re-deem - er, And the mansions of the blest.
When from "numbers without num - ber," I shall hear the wel - come song.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, My heart is glad to - day;

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, 'Tis sun - shine all the way.

*This song was given the writer while reading in "The Christian Standard" the testimony of Fanny J. Crosby, at Mountain Lake Park Camp Meeting, where she said: "I feel that I am standing near the gates of the Celestial City."

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No. 150 Up In Heaven.

"He shall wipe away every tear from their eyes; and death shall be no more; neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain any more."—Rev. 21: 4.

B. S. BELLE STAPLES. Arr. by R. E. M.

1. Sometimes here the shad - ows fall, But in heav'n, but in heav'n,
2. Here our loved ones fade from sight, But in heav'n, but in heav'n,
3. Je - sus is the bless - ed light, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n,
4. Ho - ly an - gels pros - trate fall, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n,
5. On - ly those can en - ter in, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n,

Sad - ness nev - er comes at all, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n.
We shall meet on plains of light, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n.
Shin - ing in His glo - ry bright, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n.
Crown-ing Je - sus Lord of all, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n.
Who are saved and cleansed from sin, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n.

Sor - row there can nev - er stay, God shall wipe all tears a - way,
Walls of jas - per, streets of gold, Bliss that nev - er can be told,
Gates shall not be shut by day, Night for - ev - er passed a - way,
Soon we'll join that hap - py throng, Time is short, 'twill not be long,
Je - sus died that you might be Saved thro' all e - ter - ni - ty,

In that fair, e - ter - nal day, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n.
When the pear - ly gates un - fold, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n.
Oh, I'm go - ing there to stay, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n.
'Till we join the vic - tor's song, Up in heav'n, up in heav'n.
Won't you come and go with me, Up to heav'n, up to heav'n.

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No. 151. We'll Never Say Good-bye.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. With friends on earth we meet in glad-ness, While swift the mo-ments fly,
2. How joy - ful is the hope that lin-gers, When lov'd ones cross death's sea,
3. No part - ing words shall e'er be spok-en, In yon - der home so fair,

Yet ev - er comes the tho't of sad-ness, That we must say, "Good - bye."
That we, when all earth's toils are end - ed, With Thee shall ev - er be.
But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness, We'll sing for - ev - er there.

CHORUS.

We'll nev - er say good-bye in heav'n, We'll nev - er say good-bye,.... good-bye,

Repeat Chorus. *pp*

For in that land of joy and song, We'll nev - er say good - bye.

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No. 152. Enter by the Blood.

TUNE: Nothing but the blood.

1 The holiest place stands open wide,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
The shadowing veil now hangs aside
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

CHO.—Beyond the second veil,
Pure love and joy prevail,
God's promise ne'er can fail,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

2 Enter now this holiest place,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
Here Christ shows His shining face,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

3 Here is cleansing full and free,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
God's shekinah you can see,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

4 Now by faith you may prevail,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
Pass beyond the second veil,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

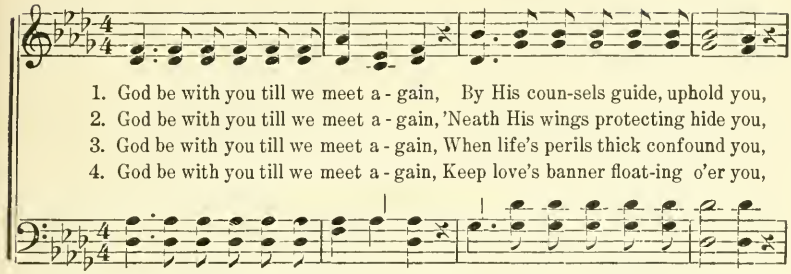
5 Here you can be satisfied,
Enter by the blood of Jesus;
This is why the Saviour died,
Enter by the blood of Jesus.

REV. J. B. FOOTE.

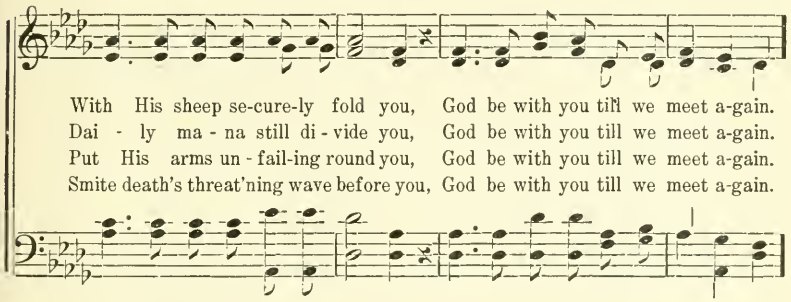
No. 153. God Be With You.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Rom. 16: 20.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. W. G. TOMER.



1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His coun-sels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner float-ing o'er you,



With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai - ly ma - na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put His arms un - fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

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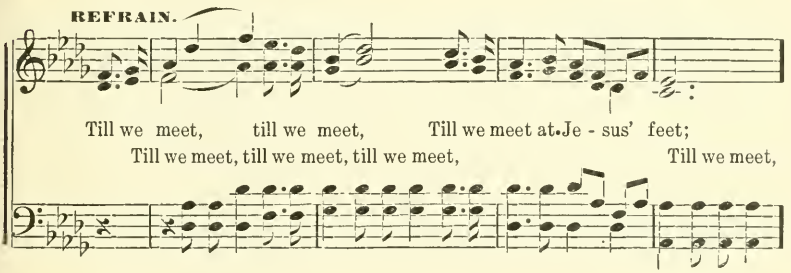
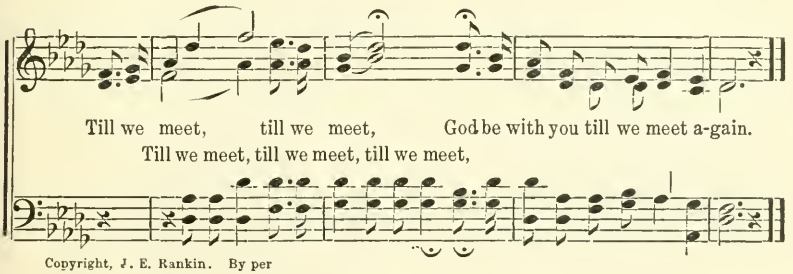


Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet,



Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

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INDEX TO TITLES.

	No.
Asleep in Jesus	52
At the Cross	30
Baptized With the Holy Ghost	2
Blessed Assurance	113
Blest Be the Tie	39
Bound for Heaven	a79
Calvary	40
Chains Broken	108
Christ is Coming	139
Cleansing Fountain	115
Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy	43
Coming Home	96
Coming, Lord Jesus	11
Cry of a Lost Soul	50
Decide Now	87
Decide To-Night	65
Dedication	123
Enter By the Blood	152
Feasting With My Lord	4
Foreign Missions	126
From Greenland's Icy Mountains	45
Freedom	8
God Be With You	153
God is Able	20
God's Anvil	141
God's Cable	48
Go On	14
Heal Me Now	106
Heavenly Sunlight	10
He Brought Me Out	49
He Hideth My Soul	9
Herald the Gospel	86
He was Not Willing	12
His Way With Thee	99
Home Missions	127
How Firm a Foundation	134
I am Coming to the Cross	142
I Believe Jesus Saves	a120
I Can, I Will	7
I Have Now No Regrets	132
I Know God's Promise is True	144
I Look for His Appearing	76
I'm Glad I Came Home	140
I'm Going On	18
It is for Us All To-day	23
It Just Suits Me	85
Jesus Comes	38
Jesus Commands	32
Jesus has Lifted the Load	91
Jesus, I My Cross	111
Jesus Knocking	36
Jesus, Our Physician	133
Jesus Saves	46
Jesus, Saviour, Now is Calling	68
Jesus, Thy Healer	102
Joy to the World	34
Judgment Hymn	112
Just as I Am	3
Just One Touch	100
Knowing	89
Launch Out	143
Leaning On the Everlasting Arms	53
Let Me Die	107
Like a Mighty Sea	90
Like the Snow	135
Make Me a Blessing To-Day	35
May Every Soul Be Filled	26
Missionary Hymn (tune)	125
Missionary Hymn (words)	137
Mission War Song	105
My Jesus, I Love Thee	24
My Mother is Praying for Me	75
My Power House	6
My Saviour, 'Tis of Thee	83
My Spirit is Free	104
Nearer the Celestial City	149
Neither Do I Condemn Thee	60
Near the Cross	13
Never Alone	124
No Condemnation	54
Nothing But the Blood of Jesus	41
Not Made With Hands	29
Not One Forgotten	66
Oh, a Friend in Need	95
O, It is Wonderful	51
On the Glory Side	138
On the Street	28
On the Victory Side	21
O Trust His Grace	59
Our King is Coming Back to Reign	70
Our Lord's Return	79
Prayer for the Spirit	
Promise of the Father	147
Quickly Coming	17
Reckon	146
Rededmed By the Blood	1
Rescue the Perishing	57
Reunion Song	92
Rock of Ages	109
Salvation in the Heart	44
Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us	117
Shall We Meet	37
Since the Comforter Has Come	130
Sitting at the Feet of Jesus	42
Some Mother's Child	61
Song of Joy and Victory	55
Stand Up for Jesus	22
Steps into the Fountain	47
Sweet Hour of Prayer	5
Sweet Rest	25
Sweet Story	114
Take Me as I am	120
Tarry	82
Tell Them	128
The Child of a King	58
The Comforter has Come	98
The Crimson Wave is Flowing	63
The Cry of the Heathen	56
The Conqueror's Tread	88
The Great Physician	122
The Half Has Never Been Told	67
The Hallelujah Side	84
The Haven of Rest	97
The Healing Touch	81
The Judgment Day	94
The Living Word of God	119
The Meeting in the Air	69
The Mercy Seat	116
The Ninety and Nine	19
The Open Fountain	110
The Prophet's Call	73
There is Power in the Blood	103
There's Power in Jesus' Blood	15
The Same To-Day	77
The Second Rest	62
The Shelf Behind the Door	148
The Spirit Received	131
The Very Same Jesus	33
Though Your Sins be as Scarlet	64
'Tis a Glorious Church	71
'Tis Burning in My Soul	101
Trusting Jesus	31
Up in Heaven	150
Victorious Travelers	78
Walking in the Light	145
We'll Never Say Good-Bye	151
We Walk By Faith	27
What a Friend	136
When His Salvation Bringing	121
When the Bridegroom Comes	93
When to Be a Daniel	80
Wonderful Story of Love	129
Yielded to God	72
Yield Not to Temptation	74
Your Own	16

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

	No.
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed	30
All glory, praise and honor	92
All life's summer now	50
An eager, restless crowd	81
A prayer on the wings of	75
Aroused by the Spirit	131
Asleep in Jesus! Blessed sleep	52
A wonderful Saviour is Jesus	9
Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine	113
Blest be the tie that binds	39
By the proud worshippers	60
Can it be that Jesus bought me	51
Christian, rouse thee!	105
Christ is coming, let creation	139
Christ went a building to prepare	29
Come, sinners, to the Living One	33
Come, Thou Fount	26
Come, ye sinners, poor and needy	43
Coming, Lord Jesus, from glory	11
Did you ever hear	71
Do you know your sins forgiven	89
Do you seek a land	2
Father, Son and Holy Spirit	123
From California's vineyards	127
From China's dark Dominions	126
From every stormy wind	116
From Greenland's icy mountains	137
For God so loved this	144
Go and tell the joyful	128
God be with you	153
God commands that I holy	47
God is able to deliver	20
God sent His mighty power	101
Have you ever felt the power	23
Have you heard of the appointment	69
Have you heard of the appointment	94
He was not willing	12
How firm a foundation	134
How sweet is the rest	25
I am coming to Jesus for rest	a120
I am coming to the cross	142
I am nearer, drawing nearer	149
I am walking in the light	145
I am watching for the coming	79
I came to Jesus long ago	148
I follow the footsteps of Jesus	104
If while fighting for our Saviour	14
If while you live 'mid sin	138
I have a power house	6
I know I love Thee better, Lord	67
I'm a pilgrim	79a
I'm glad I have salvation	44
I'm never lonely any more	130
I'm over in the goodly land	18
I think when I read	114
It is safe to be a Daniel	80
I've found the open fountain	110
I've found the promised fountain	119
I've seen the lightning flashing	124
I've yielded to God	72
I was so lonely	140
Jesus commands us to forgive	32
Jesus, I my cross have taken	111
Jesus, keep me near the cross	13
Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry	120
Jesus, my Saviour, has died	102
Jesus, O Thou Prince of Glory	62
Jesus, Saviour, now is calling	68
John saw upon Patmos a vision	1
Joy to the world, the Lord	34
Just as I am	3
Just one touch as He moves along	100
Millions in heathen lands	56
My burdened heart was sad	96
My Father is rich	58
My happy soul rejoices	15
My heart was distressed	49
My heart was light and free	8
My Jesus, I love Thee	24
My joy I'll tell, since	55
My Saviour, 'tis of Thee	83
My soul in sad exile	97
My soul to-day is thirsting	90
O God, my heart doth long	107
Oh, glory to God! Hallelujah	88
Oh, softly the Spirit is	35
Oh, spread the tidings round	98
Oh, the crimson wave	63
O Lord, my God, I come to Thee	106
Once a sinner, far from Jesus	84
Once she was pure	135
On the street	28
O travelers, where are	78
Our King is coming back	70
Our Saviour promised to return	76
Our souls cry out, Hallelujah!	21
O wand'rer come, this hour	87
Pain's furnace heat	141
Precious promise of the Father	147
Refining Fire, go through	7
Rescue the perishing	57
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	109
Saviour, like a shepherd lead	117
Shall we meet beyond the river	37
Since my soul is saved	4
Sing out the tidings that tell us of Jesus	129
Sitting at the feet of Jesus	42
Some go away from the house	65
Some mother's child	61
Sometimes here the shadows	150
Soon skies will rend	17
Standing outside and gently	36
Stand up, stand up for Jesus	22
Sweet honr of prayer	5
Tarry till the promised power	82
Tell the tidings far and near	46
The great Physician now is here	122
The holiest place stands open	152
The judgment day is coming	112
The Mercy of God is an ocean	143
There is a fountain filled	115
There's a cable laid	48
There's a hill lone	40
There's a little word	146
There's a word of tender beauty	66
There's no condemnation	54
There's not a care	59
There were ninety and nine	19
The trusting heart to Jesus clings	91
Tho' your sins be as scarlet	64
Trust Him when Satan	31
'Twas Jesus my Saviour	108
Walking in sunlight	10
Wandering from the good shepherd	86
Watch, ye saints	38
We walk by faith	27
What a fellowship	58
What a friend we have in Jesus	136
What a good friend I have	95
What a wonderful salvation	85
What can wash away my sin	41
What if your own	16
When His salvation bringing	121
When Israel in the wilderness	77
When sickness affects, and	133
When the old prophetic mantle	73
Will our lamps be filled	93
With friends on earth we meet	151
Would you be free	103
Would you live for Jesus	99
Yield not to temptation	74

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